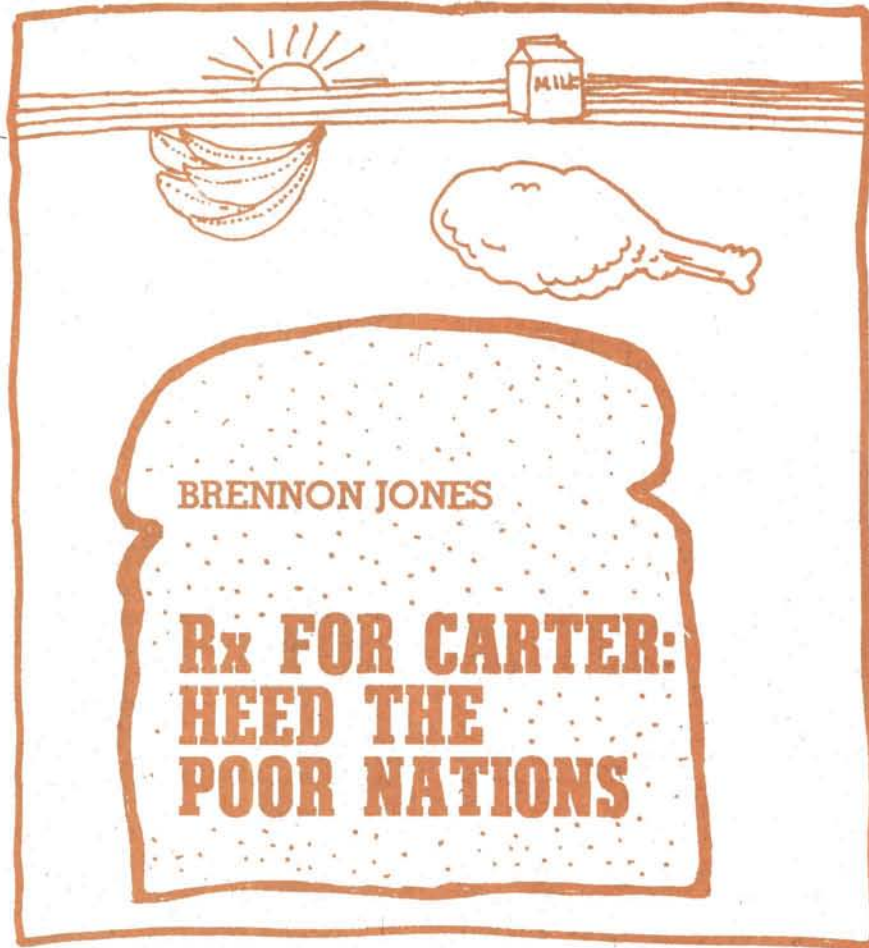


Commonweal



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PETER STEINFELS MINUTES OF THE MEETING
JOSEPH L. RYAN THE OTHER ISRAELIS
WILLIAM J. RICHARDSON MARTIN HEIDEGGER
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NEWS & VIEWS

Catholic Schools

After years of decline, is the enrollment picture brightening for Catholic educational institutions? Could be, if some national survey statistics prove out.

On the college and university levels, a survey of 688 "representative" institutions shows a 7 percent enrollment increase in private schools of higher learning, most of which are church-related, and a 4.7 percent increase in theological schools' enrollments. These gains come in the face of a 1 percent student decline for colleges and universities generally.

The counting is not all in, however. Some 3,000 institutions are to be included in the study, which is being completed by Garland G. Parker of the University of Cincinnati.

News stories to date have focused on the composite figure of decline in college enrollments, which Parker has labeled "a surprise and a shock" and which, if prevailing through the final compilation of data, would mark the first loss in general enrollment in the 17 years that he has conducted the survey.

No less worthy of focus, however, would seem to be the dramatic counter-trend in church-related institutions, as yet unexplored and unexplained.

Cited as factors for the decline in enrollments in institutions of higher learning generally are higher student fees, the inadequacy of financial aid programs, and the fact that, despite high unemployment rates, more people are working than ever before.

Meanwhile, at the grade and high school levels, Catholic institutions for the third straight year are experiencing an enrollment decrease of less than 1 percent, thus

further persuading some Catholic educational officials that the parochial school decline has bottomed out.

Most recent figures for elementary and secondary schools show a decline from one year to the next of only 0.05 percent.

So small a percentage figure still translates to 47,042 students, however, and of course does not regain the hundreds of thousands of enrollments lost from the peak years of the 1960s.

Most of those desks will never be filled again. Even so, some dioceses have launched aggressive enrollment campaigns to put students back in some of them.

The Newark archdiocese, for instance, has trained a group of "parent volunteers" and will dispatch them as recruiters to visit homes throughout the archdiocese during the period leading up to Catholic Schools Week, Feb. 6-11. The program is being assisted by a \$10,000 matching grant from Grolier, Inc., a New York-based publisher of educational materials.

A Friend at Court?

When Greg Schneiders began moving up in the Carter camp as Jimmy's "complex young no-man," there were those, including himself, who thought that his live-in arrangement with his girl friend could be a source of embarrassment to Carter.

In Schneiders's own words, "There are a lot of Southern Baptists who would say, 'What's Jimmy Carter doing with this immoral guy on his staff living openly in sin?' Carter hasn't said anything about it but he might if it became an issue."

Well, Schneiders has become an issue with some religious folks all right—but these folks are Catholics, not Southern Baptists.

They're hopping mad over some opinions on Roman Catholicism expressed by Schneiders to Sally Quinn in a *Washington Post* interview,

notably that Catholicism is a "farce" and that the Catholic church "does a better job of screwing people up than any other institution."

"I'm sure there are aspects of my Catholic upbringing that may affect me in some damaging ways," said Schneiders, son of an itinerant professor of psychology at Jesuit universities, brother to three nuns, Georgetown U. dropout, and professed agnostic.

Schneiders joined the Carter campaign as a baggage carrier, but by the end of the campaign "probably spent more time with the candidate than any other person," according to the *Post*. Among their topics of conversation: religion. "[Carter] refers to me as his 'Catholic adviser,'" Schneiders told the *Post*. "We've talked a lot about Catholicism. I've said what a farce it was. So he knows how I feel, but not how it evolved. He's very tolerant about those things. . . ."

The reference to "Catholic adviser" might have been used facetiously, since Schneiders also said, "Carter and I have never talked about my religious beliefs except in a joking way."

But Bishop James S. Rausch, general secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference, action agency of the American bishops, sees nothing facetious or joking about Schneiders. He termed his remarks "insulting to millions of Catholics" and added that the Conference "is disturbed that a close aide to the President-elect should apparently hold and express such views."

Schneiders is Carter's appointments secretary.

But, wait. As an Attorney-General-designate can be "persuaded" to quit his segregated private clubs, so can a presidential appointments-secretary-presumed be expected to do the "politic" and "honorable" thing. Schneiders, accordingly, has allowed that his comments were "ill-chosen." And come New Year's Eve, he and his girl friend will marry.

Odds and Ends

—Thomas More is hanging in there as popular as ever. He'll be a "panelist" in the new Steve Allen TV-series, "Meeting of Minds"; he'll occupy a chapter of the my-favorite-saint book being edited by John Delaney; and he'll be the subject of a Quincentennial Conference being held Feb. 10 and 11 at Fordham University. Quincentennial? Yes; it's the 500th anniversary of More's birth. Details from Professor John C. Olin, Department of History, Fordham University at Rose Hill, Bronx, N.Y., 10458.

—What has been learned from Gene McCarthy's and other independent campaigns? Says the newsletter *Washington Watch*: "It pays to be an independent, but in some party's clothing. An artist, a poet, a hermit, a dropout or a private citizen maybe can, but no one can be truly independent as a public politician and still be elected."

—The London *Tablet's* Tom Burns summed up a moving tribute to the late Father Martin D'Arcy, S.J., with some agonizingly candid thoughts: "My sadness is not at his going because he always wanted to arrive, but that his last years were clouded by the changes in the church, which he did not appreciate. So far as I know, he said the Tridentine Mass to the end of his days—by permission, of course. For all his intelligence, he could not see that growing-up is a continuous and endless process, that we are all embryos and have no reason to consider any person or process as fully extended and complete."

Demurrer notwithstanding, Father D'Arcy's is a great loss. And so is that a few weeks earlier of Robert Speaight, who lived to finish his life of François Mauriac, but not see the reviews.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Honorable Mention

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: In his column of October 22 Mr. Peter Steinfels, while scarcely friendly to my cause, kept mainly to the bounds of fair comment. One statement, however, would seem open to objection.

Referring to the contest for United States Senator from New York, Mr. Steinfels writes: "Moynihan extends the adjective 'honorable' to his opponent Mr. Buckley. It has become unclear whether he would extend it to me or, for that matter, to *Commonweal*."

It may be Mr. Steinfels knows something about himself which he feels that if I knew I would not consider him honorable. I am aware of no such impediment, however, although admittedly I have not given much thought to the matter.

But as for *Commonweal*, this is another matter. I have written for *Commonweal*; I have written about *Commonweal*; I have contributed money to *Commonweal*; I have lent my name to the effort to raise other monies for *Commonweal*. Surely there are no grounds for Mr. Steinfels' insinuation.

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

Close Call

Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editors: I enjoyed the article by Thomas Powers—"Line of Maximum Consequence"—in the October 22 issue. The "idle chatter" of reporters is a problem to those of us who closely follow the media. However, I must question the accuracy of Mr. Powers' research concerning the 1968 presidential election.

He states that "political reporters endlessly discussed the possibility that George Wallace's third party campaign might throw the election into the House of Representatives which it *did not come close to doing*." (my emphasis) Because Governor Wallace received ap-

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'MILDLY OBSCENE'

Once installed in the Oval Office, Mr. Carter faces hard choices immediately—not least in the economic area. For a while there seemed to be a general conviction inside and outside the Carter camp that a tax cut after January was certain, with the aim of giving the economy a quick upward kick. John Kenneth Galbraith was one of the few to oppose such a tax slash. Among other arguments he noted, in an article in the *New York Times*, that the tax cut proposal benefited not at all the 25 percent—35 million—adult citizens who have the least income, have the greatest need and are most likely to spend anything they get, thus helping the economy. They are excluded, of course, because they have no tax liability to be reduced. As Mr. Galbraith put it, "A policy that systematically selects the most needful for the least help—in fact nothing—is utterly callous if not mildly obscene."

Initially, at least, Mr. Carter said that his first priority in stimulating the economy would be to channel money into programs to create jobs in public works and public service projects, community development programs and housing subsidies; tax reduction, he said, would be only a supplement to such job-creating efforts. In this we think Mr. Carter is quite correct, and it is important that this concentration on jobs be carried out with special attention to the particularly distressing plight of the black community and the young, especially the black young. Special attention for the blacks, not because Mr. Carter owes them a political debt—although he does—but because the national welfare urgently demands it. Black unemployment has always run higher than the national average; today it is twice as high. For black teen-agers the figures are especially distressing—almost 40 percent as compared with about 16 percent for white young people. But the figures for youth in general are appalling: almost half of the nearly

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8 million unemployed are between the ages of 18 and 24. For those over 25 the unemployment rate is 6 percent; for those in their teens it is almost 20 percent. Millions of youngsters are not being successfully integrated into American society. Is it any wonder that packs of wild youths prowl our inner cities? To supplement inadequate private efforts we need an imaginative, far-reaching

program of service to the local community and to the nation—not a make-work, dead-end affair but one that could render invaluable service and at the same time offer learning potential for later private employment. We hope such a program is what Mr. Carter has in mind. The present waste of our greatest resource is a national disgrace.

WASHINGTON REPORT

SPECULATIVE SPECTACULARS

John Connally of Texas, in a brilliant move to rally support among the right wing of the Republican right wing, has come out in favor not only of restoring capital punishment as a deterrent to crime but of televising executions to make the deterrent more deterrent still. Connally probably has hit upon the one issue around which all of the right right can rally, but the proposal itself raises several questions which demand consideration, possibly resolution, before one can whole-heartedly endorse the Connally program for programming live, so to speak, TV.

These questions divide themselves neatly into two broad categories, those arising from the nature of the deterrence of crime and those arising from the nature of television as a social phenomenon. The inquirer must also keep in mind that these two sets of considerations do not merely add up when placed together, but at the very least multiply and possibly go into geometric progression.

As to deterrence, capital punishment does not seem to have deterred many people from capital crimes, although it must be conceded that reliable figures in the field are hard to come by. It is like the CIA's implicit claim that by steaming open Bella Abzug's mail, the Agency was able to prevent a Russian invasion of the east coast. The agents did steam open the Congresswoman's mail, after all, and the Russians did not land on Staten Island: dare we take the risk of not steaming open her mail in the future?

The trouble with capital crimes is that most of them are committed out of some kind of personal desperation which renders the capital criminal insensitive to long-range considerations of personal welfare. The short range is overwhelming. Honest-authentic murders tend to be committed by people driven over the edge of calm, rational planning, the sort of thing envisioned in deterrence theory. One's spouse has simply become so impossible that strangling seems the only sensible way to cut off the flow of invective from that once-beloved throat. And so on. It's no good telling a person in that state that he had better not strangle because he will shortly be strangled himself. He thinks, on the one hand, that that doesn't matter, anything is better than

the situation as it exists. Capital punishment is no deterrent to him; on the contrary, as with the poor man in Utah, it may even be a positive incentive to crime, the one possibility of getting everything settled at once.

Throw television coverage into that situation and you get the geometric progression effect. The poor desperate sod sees suddenly the chance not only to settle accounts with his spouse, his boss, his brother, his hated classmate, but to become a national celebrity in the process. Far from being a deterrent, televised executions may actually increase the incidence of capital crimes, as those crimes are now constituted.

That last phrase is a key to the possible social usefulness of former Secretary Connally's suggestion, despite its demonstrated dubiety at present. What we know about capital punishment, after all, is not that it does not work as a deterrent, but only that it does not work as a deterrent against the crimes now punished or proposed to be punished by the death penalty. This is for the reasons cited above, but there is no reason at all to believe that those considerations—personal desperation and all that—apply to all crimes. Indeed, there is every reason to believe they do not. While murder and rape, the crimes most widely punished by death, are indeed the product of desperation more often than not, there are crimes that are the sole product of calculation, and calculation, of course, is just what is counted on in the deterrent theory of capital punishment, on television or not.

Such crimes, for example, are those committed by so many of John Connally's former associates in the Nixon administration. The whole Watergate fugue of crime, while perhaps derived from some passionate conviction of Richard Nixon—that he was above the law, for example, as indeed he turned out to be—were nevertheless preeminently crimes of calculation. If the Watergate calculators were capable of calculating that they could cook the election by breaking into Larry O'Brien's office, that they could lie to Congress and the public and get away with it, that they could destroy evidence in criminal proceedings, that they could spirit Spiro out of the vice-presidency with no punishment for crimes

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evidently committed, and so on through a congeries of calculations, they were no less capable of calculating that if the possible end result of all this was getting hung, or electrocuted, or shot, or garroted and in short killed, the game wasn't worth the candle and the hell with it. That's what I call deterrence.

The other stuff, putting the killers and rapists to death on the tube, won't deter a thing, will merely lull people into a false sense of security by making them think the murderers and rapists in our midst are being deterred while the honest folk are enjoying an evening's entertainment.

We may therefore begin to sketch out a revised theory of televised executions as crime deterrents with the idea that Nixonism in all of its many manifestations should be the prime crime for prime time family viewing executions. Naturally, the execution programs should take place in the family hour, the young being so much more impressionable, it is thought. Second to Nixonism proper would come crimes that partake of the spirit of Nixonism, including most so-called white collar crimes and cost overruns in military contracts.

The future political criminal tempted to Nixonism, as things have worked out, has no deterrent consideration at all: except at the very lowest level of the actual burglars, the Nixonites have gone on to fame and fortune, becoming famous authors and richly rewarded celebrities. Had the nation seen Ehrlichman and Halde- man swinging from the end of a yardarm of a man-o-war tied up at the Anacostia naval yard, it is reasonable to suppose that embryo Nixonians would think seriously about going into some other line of work. As things are, they most likely will simply acquire the best literary agent available and plunge into crime.

The television function brings its own problems. Credibility is one. Dulled senses are another. Had we executed the entire crew of Nixonians, not to mention other criminals, the total would hardly have compared with the carnage, slaughter and all around violent death the average eight-year-old sees in the course of a week's watching on the tube. Gratifying as is the thought of the ex-Chief swinging in the breeze from that yardarm, the actual spectacle probably wouldn't have much effect on that average eight-year-old so accustomed to so much gaudier takings off. If public televised executions are to have any deterrent effect—or indeed any effect at all other than to move people to switch channels to "Kojak" or other more satisfyingly violent shows—the methods of execution are going to have to be rethought with an eye on the ratings.

It's all so dull, the way it's done now. In hanging, the celebrity simply stands on a platform, all bound up like a mummy; the trap-door opens, the mummy drops; the binding has eliminated the lively dances in the air once common to the form. In electrocution, apparently the most widely used, or non-used, form, the celebrity

just sits in a chair, suddenly stiffens, then just as suddenly slumps. It's action, no doubt, but not very much. It's the kind of thing Samuel Beckett can get away with because he writes the lines to go with it. The Utah method of a volunteer firing squad summons up memories of the Old West, perhaps, but still, essentially, the celebrity is standing there—or even sitting there—suddenly jerks taut, falls over. Any theatrical producer I know would say: It just needs something in the second act, maybe we can work it out in Boston.

Television, then, may be counted on speedily to bring back the rack, drawing-and-quartering, the auto-da-fé, the axe, perhaps—although quick, it is marvelously bloody—flaying and stoning. If all these are applied as they ought to be, we may count on future protection from the friends of Mr. Connally, no small boon.

FRANK GETLEIN



An Update on Leonard Feeney

It is thirty years—count them—since Leonard Feeney, the Boston Jesuit, was the problem priest of American Catholicism. A whole new generation of Catholics has grown up without knowing his name or the events that made him and his militants the "bad boys" of the American church, the ogres of the budding ecumenical movement, the frightening Jew-baiters, who for some evoked nightmares of the holocaust and for a few momentarily stirred fears that the impossible might leap an ocean. But the now-middle and senior generations will not have forgotten Leonard Feeney. What may surprise them is to learn that Feeney, almost 80, is alive and active, that his community is still grouped around him, and that their story—which began so hopefully and turned so sordid—is close to having a surprise happy ending.

The Feeney story is the story, of course, of St. Benedict Center, the student headquarters in Cambridge that was gathering place in the 1940s for Catholics attending Harvard, Radcliffe and other nearby "secular" colleges. Leonard Feeney was the Center's guru—lecturing, entertaining (he was a marvelous mimic), preaching, making converts, at the same time building a dazzling, if superficial, reputation as a poet and author. St. Benedict's was a stimulating place, and the Center attracted as habitués the best and the brightest on campus—some of whom got hooked on Feeney and are with him still; some of whom were lucky or wise enough to escape St. Benedict's and make lives of their own. Avery Dulles, for instance.

What strung Feeney and his followers out, it will be

remembered, was *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, the proposition that outside the Catholic Church there was no salvation. It was a proposition enunciated in bull and syllabus through much of Catholic history, but it was a proposition from whose literal interpretation the Church had begun to move by 1940. Feeney wasn't budging, however, and his obstinacy led him to excesses of denunciation and excoriation that had sensitive Catholics hiding their heads in shame, police sweating, and officials at Chancery pulling their hair in exasperation. Under the "logic" of *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, Harvard became a "pest-hole" of atheism and Marxism, its president (James Bryant Conant) a "thirty-third degree Masonic brute"; Archbishop Cushing became a sell-out for dining at Harvard's Lowell House; Jews, worst of all, were "frauds," "filthy demons," "hate[rs of] the water of baptism," people on whom Feeney called down the wrath of the Blessed Virgin.

It was sick and irrational, and the consequences were predictable. The police edged in, fearful of a riot. (Feeney had carried his crusade to the Boston Common, where he drew large crowds of hecklers and hasslers, many of whom would turn surly under the weight of his invective.) Chancery cracked down, placing St. Benedict's under interdict and Feeney under silence—which he ignored. The Jesuits dismissed him from the order. And finally Rome issued a formal decree of excommunication. Paradoxically, the excommunication was based not on the doctrinal issue of *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, but on Feeney's "stubborn disobedience" to a Holy Office order to appear in Rome "before the authorities of the Sacred Congregation." Feeney and his people tried living in tenement quarters, and were harassed by building inspectors and neighbors. At last they gave up Cambridge and Boston for the solitude of a farm in Central Massachusetts. The farm, ironically, was located in the town of Harvard.

In their new Harvard, the Feeneyites, as the group had come to be aspersed, slipped from sight and gradually from mind. There would be an occasional newspaper story that members of the group, now known as Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, had been arrested here or there for hawking salvation tracts or Feeney books without a license, or that they had been chased out of some Catholic office, or off some Catholic campus. (In 1952, Notre Dame had several Feeneyites hauled away by police, allegedly for attempting to incite a riot; as one was being dragged off, he shouted, "The first sign of your approaching damnation is that Notre Dame has Protestants on its football team.") In time even these stories disappeared. The Feeneyites stayed close to home, and the rest of the world pretty much forgot that they existed.

Four years ago, on an assignment for *The Critic*, I visited St. Benedict Center off in those Central Massachusetts hills. It was a curious sort of visit. I was wel-

come, but when lunchtime approached I wasn't offered so much as a glass of water. I could observe, but I could not take notes. I could ask questions, but the answers were monitored by a third party. If suddenly I found myself alone with a member of the community, he went mute. (Women were off at a distance.) There were words with Leonard Feeney, but only a few. Most of the talk was about the Center's bric-a-brac—its ancient ikons, its more modern saccharine art, its 685 first-class relics, a virtual graveyard—and little about the Center's philosophy. Obviously the old suspicions of "outsiders" lingered; I was kept at arm's length. Still it was apparent that the bitter hates were gone—"We have mellowed," one of the Brothers commented, almost plaintively. The large, unspoken question seemed to be, What can be done to redeem the past?

I mulled over impressions with Father Avery Dulles one sparkling Manhattan afternoon when the world seemed alive with hope for everyone, including Leonard Feeney. Dulles, like others once close to the Center, to Feeney or the movement, discounted the possibility of a recantation. The Feeneyites were too proud, too convinced of their theological ground ever to recant. "Still," said Dulles, "there must be a way by which the excommunication can be lifted without their having to make a formal recantation, and without the Church seeming to accept their position" on salvation theology. His was a wistful thought, but, as it turned out, a prophetic one. Soon the wheels of reconciliation were turning, and today they virtually hum with synchronization.

Within two years of my visit, the Feeney excommunication and other sanctions were lifted by Pope Paul VI, thanks to discreet interventions by Bishop Bernard Flanagan of Worcester, Cardinal Humberto Medeiros of Boston, and Cardinal John Wright of the Vatican's Congregation for the Clergy. In March, 1974, 29 members of the community made a "simple profession of faith" before Flanagan, and for them the ordeal with Rome was over. It was almost as though the Dulles formula had become prescription. No recantation was demanded, nor were the 29 required to disavow their former ideas on salvation. One brother explained the accommodation by noting there is more room for disparity of opinion and more latitude for discussion in the Church today.

This group—lately grown to 26 male and 19 female members, as well as some who do not live at the house but who participate in prayer, study and work according to the Benedictine tradition—has formed a new community known as the Pious Union of Benedictine Oblates of Still River, and has started about the ecclesial process by which it can develop into a canonically erected religious institute of the Order of St. Benedict. Ultimately it hopes to become a Benedictine priory or abbey. Last month two members of the group were ordained to the priesthood—one according to the Latin Rite; the other,

the Maronite Catholic Rite—thus settling the community's worries about their sacramental future. Throughout their three decades, Feeney had been the community's only priest, and as he aged concern grew stronger about being left priestless. It was a near-traumatic concern for a group so fundamentalist, and undoubtedly it helped influence the reconciliation decision.

But the story isn't quite closed; one chapter remains to be written.

Eighteen members of St. Benedict Center refused to make that 1974 profession of faith, holding that their orthodoxy to Catholic teaching made even the most perfunctory gestures unnecessary and humiliating. They split from the larger group and took up residence in another building on the St. Benedict property. There has been little contact between the two groups since, apart from the sharing of Feeney's priestly ministry and the kitchen facilities.

Another complication in the way of a full happy ending is litigation pending over the property. Feeney placed ownership of the 146 acres and buildings in the names of all members of the community, and there are those who would carve up the property now. Either or both of these issues could keep the St. Benedict community unsettled for months, maybe even years. But with the infinitely knottier problems involving Rome and Chancery worked out, most Feeney watchers are optimistic that the issues of member-unity and property-ownership can be resolved too. It will just take time, they say, and more tact.

JOHN DEEDY

The Greening Of Vermont

All day long the hunters have been driving up and down my road. Occasionally there will be a dead deer tied to the hood of the vehicle in the traditional manner, but mostly not. Like the predators they are, the men travel in packs, packing their guns, gunning their cars, carrying their six packs by the armload. Armed to the teeth against the ferocious deer, they peer from behind their wheels, feeling the rigors of the sport of the hunt.

My neighbor was out this morning, the second day of the "season," before dawn. It was snowing. He looked grizzled as most of the men do around this time of year, letting their facial hair grow, though heaven forbid, not anything else that might let them be regarded as "hippies."

He didn't "get" anything and he was disappointed. He was with two friends and two boys. They complained of other of my neighbors' lack of observance of the dates of the hunting season. These other neigh-

bors allegedly hunt whenever the spirit moves them. Since there are quite a few of them and no shortage of spirits, the woods are fairly well depleted of deer. And bear, too, for that matter. A few chipmunk and skunk amble by now and then, and this year there seemed to be more than the usual number of Canadian geese honking south, but the deer seem in short supply, despite the glowing statistics by the government departments responsible for issuing them.

The hunters are all here, however. Nearly 200,000 of them. They will bring nearly \$20 million into Vermont this fall and that is considered important especially in light of the declining fortunes of other "industries"—like skiing. Still, things are looking up for the skiing industry as the winter has come unseasonably early this year. If the hunters like the place enough, it is hoped they will return shortly to test their mettle on the slopes, meantime bringing in still more money.

As with the rest of the country, the prevailing thought about matters of relative value comes to final rest at the doorstep of the dollar. Life is precarious for the deer; people seem to feel that knocking off the deer will make life less precarious for them. Nature here is often cruel and technology is gaining strong footholds on the heels of the transformation of this state from agrarian-pastoral to industrial-suburban.

And the result is that the swings of the economy are more readily felt now that cash-flow consciousness has taken root in the collective mind of a people once proud of their self-sufficiency and independence from the rest of the country and the vagaries of the national economic scene.

But Vermont is tied into it now. Nearly all the politicians in the recent election were speaking of bringing in industry to "solve" the state's unemployment problems. Industrialism is being portrayed as the solution to the plight of Vermont's un- and under-employed. Of course, if industrialism really were the answer, New Jersey should be sailing along. Right in there with Michigan.

New ideas have a hard time in Vermont.

Meanwhile the deer and the mountain slopes are all that stand between here and catastrophe. The farms are drying up as fast as you can whistle Old Macdonald, and the people are hurting. They even elected a Republican Governor because, as everyone knows, the Republicans are good for business. And business is what's good for Vermont. It brings in jobs. Everyone knows that industry exists to make jobs for the people. Never mind good logic. That seems to have gone the way of the windmill, though there are a few hardy souls in these parts who still hold out for the old ways. A lot of them are young people from big cities.

The rest either hunt the deer or each other. Or sometimes themselves. After all, Vermont has the highest suicide rate in the country.

JONATHAN EISEN

IT IS WITHOUT question a blot on the multi-stained record of our leading newspapers that they have passed over in silence the remarkable event that transpired on Monday, December 13. Who but a select few know that on this night the venerable journal *Partisan Review* had enticed the cream of Manhattan literati into a basement auditorium of the City University of New York, and that there these learned and penetrating minds were loosed full force on the topic "The New York Intellectuals and the State of the Culture"?

The cynic may impudently inquire who but the select few cares. The cynic may malignly hint that the topic reveals a certain habitual self-preoccupation; that the preceding weekend had seen a conference on "The Future of the New York Intellectual Community" at New York University; and that the entire conversation promised to be as fresh as Agatha Christie's "Mousetrap."

Let the cynic gag on his own bitterness. Though lack of space and the modest limits of our talent allow but a pale approximation of that evening's grave and scintillating debates, we will publish for the world what the world is doubtless anxious to know:

The CHAIRMAN, Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, opened the proceedings by asking the audience to move forward. The audience, apprehensive lest there be insufficient room for the largeness of ideas to come, stayed put.

Of the presentation by Mr. IRVING HOWE we need say little, particularly since Mr. Howe has published it several times previously—how the Jewish intelligentsia rose and fell in New York; its strengths, its weaknesses; its defense of high culture and modernism linked with a street wise, plebeian style; its opposition to Stalinism; its dissolution in sourness and ill-feeling; its dispersal throughout the nation. Not a dry eye, the reader may be assured, was left in the house.

Of Mr. MORRIS DICKSTEIN's presentation we need say even less, since it was a brilliant and original repeti-

MINUTES OF THE MEETING

PETER STEINFELS

tion of what Mr. Howe had just said. Mr. HILTON KRAMER, on the other hand, felt compelled to put aside his ordinarily amiable and gentle demeanor. It was his duty—and let his enemies make the most of it—to be stern. The New York intellectuals had been absorbed by the media and the universities, and through these channels they were, why even this very minute, pumping the pernicious stuff of modernism, covering the Family with filth and sapping the National Foundations. Mr. Kramer was distressed. When was the last time, he asked, that an American intellectual had anything cogent to say about defense policy? (Rumblings from the audience.) What, he asked, did the intellectuals offer in way of fealty to marriage and the family? Mr. Kramer would not hesitate to name names. He named the *New York Review of Books*. He named Gore Vidal. He named Buggery. . . . (Vehement noises.)

Mr. PHILLIPS corrected a humorous anecdote that Mr. Howe had told about Mr. Meyer Shapiro.

Mr. HOWE said that Mr. Phillips's version may have been accurate but his (Mr. Howe's) version was true.

Mr. PHILLIPS called for discussion from the floor.

Mr. MARSHALL BERMAN asked Mr. Kramer what values the honorable gentleman (Mr. Kramer) would advise us to hold in regard to marriage and the family.

Mr. KRAMER said that was a topic for another meeting. Mr. HOWE suggested kindness, tolerance, and magnanimity.

UNIDENTIFIED GENTLEMAN asked why all the honorable speakers were white, middle-aged males when the state of culture rested with Puerto Ricans, women, youth, and other minorities.

Mr. HOWE said that he found the honorable gentleman's question tiresome. The HONORABLE GENTLEMAN, with all respect to the esteemed speaker, found Mr. Howe tiresome.

Mr. ROBERT JAY LIFTON asked whether the anti-Stalinism of the New York intellectuals, for which he had the highest regard, might have incapacitated them in facing more recent situations.

Mr. HOWE told a joke, and Mr. DICKSTEIN referred to Cold War McCarthyism among the New York intellectuals. (Cries of "No," "Yes," etc.)

What was the honorable gentleman alluding to, demanded Mr. KRAMER.

Mr. HOWE observed that Mr. Dickstein might well be referring to Mr. Irving Kristol, Mr. Elliot Cohen, and *Commentary* magazine. (Vehement outburst. Ms. MIDGE DECTER—Names aren't proof, Irving!)

Mr. HOWE cited a 1952 article by Mr. Kristol in *Commentary*.

Mr. NORMAN PODHORETZ rose to order. The honorable speaker was endorsing scurrilous attacks and misrepresentations. (Great excitement.) Mr. Kristol's article had been denatured by Mr. Howe, and he (Mr. Podhoretz) would have to repel Mr. Howe's interpretation with absolute firmness.

Mr. HOWE insisted that he (Mr. Howe) had said no more than he had previously written in the pages of *Commentary*, the honorable gentleman's own journal.

Mr. PODHORETZ said that if he (Mr. Podhoretz) had allowed such an account to be published in *Commentary*, then he (Mr. Podhoretz) had been irresponsible.

Mr. HOWE told another joke.

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN said that reality was getting soft, and what
(Continued on page 27)

Rx FOR CARTER: HEED THE POOR NATIONS

BRENNON JONES



Michael Sean Walsh/LNS

New foreign policy initiatives are needed

The North-South dialogue—the series of ongoing negotiations between the Northern industrialized countries and the Southern developing nations on trade, aid and financial issues concerning a new and more equitable international economic order—is not as two-sided as the name would imply.

One objective of the hastily called Puerto Rican economic summit meeting of rich nations in June was President Ford's attempt to bolster a collapsing common united front among the industrialized nations of the "North," to as one State Department official described it, "protect ourselves from ill-conceived solutions" of the South to international economic problems. The common front strategy is in response to the South's solid negotiating wedge which has left the North split and in disarray during recent international conferences as many industrialized countries have forsaken United States hardline leadership in favor of more conciliatory stances toward the poor nations.

At no conference was the industrialized nations' inability to forge a common coherent policy toward the developing nations better demonstrated than at the Fourth United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD IV) held in Nairobi, Kenya, last May. That conference showed the eco-political shift which is occurring among many of the rich nations and provided a number of lessons as to why the United States is becoming increasingly isolated in international negotiations. These lessons need airing, particularly as a new U.S. presidential term approaches. They point

to the need for new U.S. foreign policy initiatives more responsive to the poor nations.

Lesson 1: It does no good for the Northern industrialized nations to criticize the South for its "ill-conceived solutions" if they lack common solutions of their own. The Group of 77 (the developing countries, including the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries OPEC, which actually now number 110 nations) came to UNCTAD IV with a carefully conceived set of proposals finalized at Manila in February, which had as its centerpiece the establishment of an integrated commodity program with a common fund to finance buffer stocks. According to this scheme, key commodities such as copper, tin and bauxite would be bought when prices fall, and accumulated stocks sold when prices rise, in order to eliminate violent price fluctuations and assure adequate supplies. Features of the plan had been considered in the UNCTAD forum for several years. In addition, the Group of 77 had specific proposals on other issues including debt and transfer of technology.

While putting forward a number of fresh proposals individually, the industrialized countries came to UNCTAD IV with no common approach and little if any apparent prior consultation among themselves. Their unpreparedness was surprising in light of the opportunity they were afforded at an UNCTAD preparatory meeting held in Geneva two months before the Nairobi conference. At that time the Group of 77 tabled the Manila Declaration with its proposals for initial consideration by the industrialized nations. But the North responded with neither substantive proposals of its own nor any initial response to those of the de-

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veloping nations. Two months later in Nairobi, the North was still ill-prepared to negotiate as a group, and conference progress was slowed as the industrialized nations belatedly attempted to reconcile their own diverse views before attempting to deal with the South's proposals. Reaching consensus is a lengthy process, as UNCTAD shows, and it is unlikely that the developing nations will readily accept the industrialized nations' proposals at future conferences if they are hammered out hastily and at the last moment.

Lesson 2: The industrialized countries have a variety of individual relationships with the developing nations, and consensus among the North will become increasingly difficult. Two strong forces are at work here. The first is the influence of the Nordic countries, which are the most convinced of the need for a more just international economic order, and are becoming a persuasive force upon their European neighbors. At Nairobi, Norway became the first industrialized country to commit itself to the developing nations' proposal for a Common Fund, and announced a \$25 million cash contribution to it. Halvarde Bakke, Norwegian Minister of Commerce and Shipping, referred to the act "as merely an extension of his country's philosophy to establish a new world order . . . from which his country had a lot to gain, and nothing to lose." More industrialized countries are becoming convinced, as has Bakke's, that the "current economic system is not just to the developing countries and thus there is a need for a new order." Splits in the North are widening as this view becomes less reconcilable with that of the United States and West Germany, for instance, which praise the existing system while proposing what the developing countries consider cosmetic reforms.

The second force at work is a shift toward greater receptivity of the New International Economic Order proposals, particularly by most of the European Economic Community countries, due to historical colonial relationships and outright dependencies on the developing nations. The rich countries continue to rely on their former colonies for raw materials. And unlike the United States—which is not as resource-dependent and which issued a thinly veiled threat at Nairobi "that they could outlast any trade war"—the EEC countries realize the necessity to avoid confrontation and potential breakdown in their relations with the developing nations. One indication of the EEC's willingness to listen to the concerns of the developing countries and to negotiate is last year's Lome Convention between the EEC and 46 African, Caribbean and Pacific countries. The agreement assures access of commodities, including agricultural products, to European markets with the EEC guaranteeing compensation for shortfalls in earnings of the developing countries due to price fluctuations.

Demonstration of this European willingness occurred

on the final night of the Nairobi conference. An agreement had been reached on the key issue of the integrated commodity program and the common fund, with a fixed timetable on consultations culminating in a negotiating conference by March 1977, and finalization of the commodity agreements no later than 1978. Acceptance of this rather loose consensus resolution by the United States, West Germany, Japan and the United Kingdom came only when it appeared as if the conference might break down completely in a deadlock. The United States, West Germany and the United Kingdom then diluted their support for the commodity resolution by issuing separate statements that they had committed themselves only to preparatory studies of the commodity scheme and not necessarily to participation in it. In contrast, and significantly for the future success of the commodity scheme, 16 European nations, plus Canada, countered the U.S.-U.K.-German statements with one of their own. It hailed the commodity resolution, which contains many of the Group of 77's proposals, as offering "prospects of a new and equitable" relationship between developed and developing countries.

Even the conservative London *Economist* pointed to the split that is widening between the industrialized countries, and suggested that the gradual shift by most European countries could have a persuasive influence on the dwindling numbers of hardliners like Germany and the United States. "The split among the rich that developed at UNCTAD shows that many are understanding of the poor. They should put pressure on their fellows to keep open the lines of communications with the Third World, and to give something more than expressions of sympathy."

Lesson 3: Moral leadership and free market leadership are not the same thing. The bicentennial image of the United States, at international conferences at least, is less one of aggressive moral leadership than of reactionary leadership for the free-market system. Only West Germany and Japan now share this perspective wholeheartedly. Secretary of the Treasury Simon and Secretary of State Kissinger in a joint statement re-emphasized the litany heard throughout the conference from the U.S. delegation that "we have opposed mechanisms to fix prices or limit production by inter-governmental action." The developing countries found this position paradoxical because the U.S. internal economic system has long lived with trade unions, minimum wage standards and even farm support prices.

U.S. leadership in international economic negotiations is deteriorating as increasing numbers of industrialized countries agree with the economic and moral arguments, expressed by Jamaican Ambassador Herbert Walker, that "to a great extent the poor remain poor because they are incapable of influencing the price

mechanisms of the world." Even in this most recent recession, it is the developing countries that have had to bear a disproportionate burden. "The third world has been hit harder in the current recession than anyone else," says the *Economist*. Trade deficits for the non-oil producing poor nations nearly quadrupled from \$9 billion in 1973 to \$35 billion in 1975, and the poor nations put much of the blame on the trade patterns of the industrialized nations.

In the first half of 1974, the rich countries had an export deficit of \$41 billion with the oil exporters and a surplus of \$6 billion with non-oil producing poor nations, and yet only one year later managed to cancel out their \$21 billion deficit with the oil exporters by a \$21 billion surplus with the non-oil producing countries. Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere hit on the injustice of this in his own country when he said in a speech to the Commonwealth nations, "Tanzania is not only paying the extra costs of the oil which



Tanzania consumes . . . We also compensate the people in the wealthy countries for any loss they experienced through a transfer of wealth from their economies to the oil producers. In effect the rich countries index their manufactured exports, so as to make sure that the relationship between their exports and their imports does not change to their detriment."

The developing countries are saying that the United States and other industrialized countries have been able to transfer much of their recession and oil-related problems on to the poor by controlling the price paid to the developing nations for their raw materials, while sticking them with exorbitantly high prices for the manufactured goods they buy from the industrialized nations. This argument is winning wider acceptance, and unless the United States makes a shift in its position, or comes up with a more convincing case for the equity of current international trade relations, it will continue to find itself with few allies for its defensive free market crusade.

Lesson 5: The United States must develop a coherent long-range policy toward the developing nations. Failure of the U.S. proposals at UNCTAD IV was due to an astounding lack of planning, of consultation with the

representatives of other countries, and of sufficient detail on its own key proposal. Senator Abraham Ribicoff, one of the two Senators with the U.S. delegation at Nairobi, reported on the conference to the Senate Committee on Finance that the United States "ran into trouble because we had not done our homework and because we had not tried to build consensus before formalizing our thinking. . . . The day is long past when any nation can attend a major international conference and with minimal advance preparation or consultation unveil a proposal and expect it to be adopted. . . . Our diplomats have continually placed too much emphasis on the U.S. position . . . it is not necessary that the U.S. always be the first to advance a proposal. We must learn to listen more!"

The U.S. delegation wasn't listening to the other nations because it was glued on events in the United States during the early days of the UNCTAD IV conference. Ronald Reagan was outgunning President Ford in a series of presidential primary elections. So the administration became more reluctant to grant to the poor nations at UNCTAD concessions which would provide Reagan new ammunition against Ford. Personal criticisms of Secretary Kissinger's more liberal African policy (the cost for which Congress showed reluctance to approve) and continued infighting between the Treasury and State Departments over concessions to the poor made matters no better. Algerian Ambassador Yakar captured the irony of a U.S. retreat at UNCTAD IV because of short-range domestic politics in the nation's bicentennial year when he said, "U.S. presidential elections should have the reverse effect. Rather than rejecting progress with the poor countries at UNCTAD, willingness to negotiate on a new order should be the position they are anxious to take."

The net effect of a U.S. policy constantly in flux and based on short-range political implications is a deterioration of the respect and confidence that other nations have in U.S. ability to provide long-range political and moral leadership.

The obvious demonstrations of this was Secretary Kissinger's proposal for an International Resources Bank (IRB), the centerpiece of U.S. proposals at Nairobi. The IRB, a new international lending facility, would promote investments by private companies from the industrialized world for the development of new supplies of raw materials, particularly minerals in the developing countries.

The proposal received a cool reception from developed and developing nations alike. While it was a new and possibly innovative proposal, it was designed primarily to assure rich countries access to poor-country resources. It did not address the central issue on the carefully prepared UNCTAD agenda: how to stabilize the "boom and bust" commodity price cycle so damaging to the development plans of the poor countries.

Adequate information on how it would be operated, financed and administered was never provided by the U.S. delegation during the month-long conference, nor was there adequate consultation with other nations prior to its unveiling. One French delegate said, "The IRB? It merely confuses the issue!" The question of U.S. sincerity and of whether the proposal was really aimed at the long-term problems of the poor countries hung over the conference. Was it just another case of the United States trying to sound generous to the poor without really spending much money? On the day that Secretary Kissinger proposed the International Resources Bank in Nairobi, the *Christian Science Monitor* reported from Washington, "Any money provided this bank (the IRB), holds the Office of Management and Budget, will have to mean a reduction in U.S. contributions to other international institutions . . . so it will not mean extra money for the poor nations." Resentment over the way the IRB proposal was tailored, as the key U.S. proposal at UNCTAD, but committing little additional financial assistance to the poor nations, and over its substance led to its rejection by a vote of 33-31 with 75 nations abstaining.

Lesson 6: The South is becoming increasingly united. The United States has operated on two assumptions in recent years: that the South was too diverse to push a common line in international forums; and that a wedge could be driven between the OPEC countries, sapping their "oil power" in international economic affairs. Events leading to final acceptance at Nairobi of a resolution for negotiation on the integrated commodity plan and common fund demonstrates Group of 77 solidarity. What continues to bind this group of economically, politically and culturally diverse nations together? The frustration that the international economic system is rigged against them. Recognizing that individually they are powerless, they have taken a collective bargaining approach, or "trade unionism" of the poor, out of which over the last several years has developed a common strategy. This unity was articulated in the objectives of the Manila Declaration hammered out in the Philippines last February, and on which all the developing countries agree. The common fund and Integrated Commodity Plan became the centerpiece of the Group of 77 proposals, and acceptance of it at Nairobi, even at the cost of insignificant progress being made on other crucial issues such as debt, transfer of resources and transfer of technology, came to determine the success or failure of the conference.

The power of the tactic can be gauged by the number of nations which decided to support the common fund over a three-month period. In March, at an UNCTAD preparatory meeting in Geneva, only two industrialized countries (Norway and the Netherlands) supported the common fund in principle. By the end of the Nairobi conference, seven European Economic

Community countries and a total of 17 industrialized countries had shifted their positions to support it. A major influence was readiness of the developing countries to "go it alone" if necessary. Witness the Peruvian Ambassador: "If cooperation won't work then we will have to do it ourselves. Even if UNCTAD fails, we will continue. We will have a common fund."

Twenty-five developing nations backed words with cash by announcing their willingness to make contributions to the proposed \$3 billion fund. Five of them, including India, went even farther by setting dollar figures totaling \$141 million.

OPEC's role at UNCTAD and its solidarity with the non-oil-producing developing countries shows the failure of U.S. attempts to split them, and it shows that OPEC continues to throw its support behind the initiatives of the poor countries on international economic issues. At Nairobi, the OPEC countries signaled their willingness to make contributions to the common fund in the future. But more important, at an OPEC meeting held in Indonesia concurrently with UNCTAD IV, they indicated that the success or failure of the crucial energy talks in Paris (at the Conference on International Economic Cooperation) would be linked to progress on negotiations for the integrated commodity program and common fund in the UNCTAD forum—a persuasive reason for the rich countries to reconsider participation in the commodity scheme.

The United States has continually underestimated the unity of both the non-oil-producing nations and the OPEC countries, and of their support of each other in international forums. Concentrating more effort on cooperation with them, and less on plotting their dissolution would be the best long-range tactic.

Secretary Kissinger recently released figures that might push him in this direction. They show that western imports from the OPEC countries will rise from the current 27 million barrels daily to as much as 37 million a day by 1985. Thus the North's dependency on OPEC will increase, and the alliance between OPEC countries and poor countries has the potential of wielding considerable power in future negotiations over issues related to the establishment of a New International Economic Order.

AN APPEAL—A Bombay social service center asks for used Christmas cards to help in such projects as medical aid, counseling, child guidance, obtaining jobs and rehabilitation for alcoholics. Secondhand useful materials of all kinds may be shipped in packages weighing less than 6 pounds, labeled "Free Gifts of No Commercial Value" and sent Surface Mail. Funds for the Bombay poor : Airmail (31¢). Address: J.O. Pujol, S.J. Social Service Center, SEVA NIKETAN, Sir J.J. Road, Bombay 400008, India.

THE OTHER ISRAELIS

JOSEPH L. RYAN

Arabs in Israel are becoming more numerous and more Palestinian

About a month before the March 30 general strike by Arabs within Israel, an Israel Jew, Yehushuah Sobol, writing in the Israeli newspaper, *Hamishmar* (*Supplement*, Feb. 27, 1976), vividly described the impact on himself of a meeting with some articulate Israeli Arab spokesmen, mayors and notables about the land expropriation issue. When you talk with them, Sobol said, and hear their precise explanations and hard facts, it becomes clear to you that the background to the strong resistance and the rebellion that might break out at this time, as a result of attempts to expropriate lands, is complex, mighty and deep—and, hence, essentially simple.

Listening to them, Sobol explained, you grasp the very simplicity of the whole affair: "Before you there stand Israeli citizens who have no sense of inferiority towards any other Israeli (and there is no reason why they should. . .). They simply demand that the same law which protects the agricultural land of the collective farmers should protect their farms as well." There are more signs, he wrote, of a firm decision in many Arab villages to resist by force the imposition of these laws in the state of Israel. He cited the case of the village of Kafr Qassim not far from Tel Aviv, where 500 men and women prevented the fencing off of their lands and were ready to be killed to prevent expropriation. (Kafr Qassim is the unfortunate village where, on the eve of the 1956 Israeli attack on Egypt, Israeli police attached to the Army brutally mowed down 49 Arab villagers for violating a curfew suddenly imposed on them without their knowing it.) Sobol concluded this sympathetic account with this appeal: "Stop this insanity, save the country from a dangerous and unnecessary confrontation." (*Israleft*, March 17, 1976).

The notables who impressed this writer were adult, politically mature Israeli Arabs, a type of person generally considered more, rather than less, favorable to the Israeli government. Among the younger generation of Arabs within Israel there exists a parallel, if much deeper, ferment. Since the October 1973 war, several incidents, in which young Israeli Arabs expressed their strong political consciousness, have astonished and

shocked Jews. One of the most disturbing examples occurred in November 1974 during Prime Minister Rabin's visit to a secondary school in Nazareth. He received a flood of accusatory and embarrassing questions from Arab pupils, and was constantly interrupted in his speech by expressions of disapproval for Israel and support for the PLO. The Prime Minister's words were drowned out by violent applause every time he mentioned the name of the PLO. When he said that Israel would never submit to force, the students replied with cries of disapproval. As he was leaving the Nazareth municipality, young men assembled and shouted anti-occupation slogans.

In December 1974 a discussion took place at Haifa University on the idea of a Palestinian state. At it a student from Rakah (the more Arab of the two Communist parties within Israel) raised the issue of "the Palestine Liberation Organization as the legitimate and accredited representative of the Palestinian people"; his question was greeted with tumultuous cheers and applause from the Arab students.

On another occasion at the same University, Arab students applauded loudly a fellow student who appeared wearing a kaffiya "like Arafat." When the Minister of Education and Culture Aharon Yaldin, in replying to a question from the floor, denied that Israeli intelligence interferes in the appointment of Arab teachers (by rejecting those with unsatisfactory political tendencies), dozens of Arabs left the hall, according to the account in *Davar*, "in a manner calculated to emphasize their feelings." (*J. of Palestine Students*, Spring 1975)

These three incidents in November and December, which provoked widespread comment and soul-searching in the press and elsewhere within Israel, were followed a year later by the shocking results of the elections in Nazareth. They brought to power a Communist mayor and, as councillors, 11 out of 17 members of the Communist-led Democratic Front. Although, as one Israeli Jewish commentator on the elections admitted, the administration in Nazareth for the previous 28 years was so indescribably bad that an upset was inevitable, still that upset when it came proved stunning. Against this sort of background, the March 30, 1976 general strike was clearly not an isolated phenomenon.

What makes these developments within Israel even more profoundly disturbing to Israeli Jews today is that they have been paralleled by a variety of eruptions in

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the West Bank. Especially since January 1976, numerous and violent protests have taken place in connection with Jewish incursions at the Patriarch's Tomb in Hebron and the al-Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem. On April 12 the elections in the West Bank brought to power new nationalistic elements, sweeping away older, more traditional and more docile "notables."

All these events raise serious questions about the Arabs within Israel. What is happening? What are the reasons? Where is all this leading? A number of recent writings testifying to the soul-searching. The book, *To Be an Arab in Israel* (London, Frances Pinter, 1975), by Fouzi El-Asmar, a Palestinian writer and poet, has proved a challenge. *New Outlook*, an Israeli monthly in English, explored (for October/November 1975) the issue "The Struggle in Equality: Israel's Arab Citizens." It includes Kook and Merlin's "Proposal for a National Debate" which urges fundamental changes in Israel as a state, changes which would significantly improve the condition of Israeli Arabs. Israeli Jews who have been sharply critical of Israeli discrimination against Arabs have published several recent books, much of them documentation: Israel Shahak (ed.), *The Non-Jew in the Jewish State* (Jerusalem, 2 Bartenura Street, 1975); Davis and Mezvinsky (eds.), *Documents from Israel 1967-1973*; Davis, Mack and Yuval-Davis, *Israel and the Palestinians*; and Felicia Langer, *With My Own Eyes* (on Israeli mistreatment of Arabs in the occupied territories). The last three are all published by Frances Pinter, London, 1975.

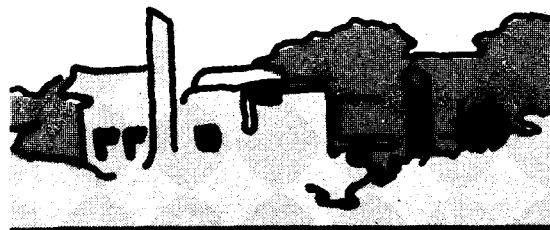
Two recent articles, one by a Palestinian, the other by an Israeli Jew, focus on two of the many factors involved in the transformation of the Israeli Arab: the Palestinian identity of Israeli Arabs and their population growth.

Dr. Khalil Nakhleh is a Palestinian sociologist teaching at St. John's University in Minnesota. While a visiting professor at Haifa University, he wrote an article in *New Outlook* (Oct./Nov. 1975) in which he analyzed a three-stage growth in the identity of Arabs within Israel from 1948 to the present. This analysis, he believes, is all the more necessary because of the established but misleading Israeli view that Arabs in Israel are dissimilar to their counterparts in the Arab countries. Young Israeli Arabs, in this view, because they speak fluent Hebrew, wear western clothes and conduct themselves "just like any other Israelis," are more like their Israeli Jewish counterparts than like Arabs of Kuwait, Egypt, or even the West Bank. These invalid conclusions, Nakhleh says, have become facts.

In Stage I (1948-67), the Arab minority, says Nakhleh, having practically no contact with other Palestinians, remained politically and culturally leaderless, more Arab than Palestinian. Except for dress and language, they showed no specific cultural traits. Furthermore, the suppression in the '60s by the Israeli

government of the nationalist al-Ard (the Land) movement produced even greater demoralization and fragmentation of their collective Arab identity. As evidence of this, studies showed that during Stage I Arabs within Israel identified themselves in the following order: 1) Israeli; 2) Israeli Arab; 3) Arab; and 4) Palestinian.

In Stage II (1967-1973) one million more Palestinians—of the West Bank and Gaza—came under Israeli control. Thus the Israeli Arab minority now had contact with Palestinians three times its own number and shared with them similar experiences. At the same time all of them together interacted with a wider Arab world context. Thus, in spite of the total and apparently irrevocable Arab defeat of 1967, a new Palestinian militancy and a growing hostility to Israel was developing. All this was taking place while Israeli Jews were caught up in their extraordinary post-June euphoria. According to a survey at the beginning of 1970, two-thirds of the Israeli Jews believed that the



Palestinian people did not really exist, or were not sure. In other words, Nakhleh points out, the Palestinian Arab segment of the population under Israeli control was dominated by a majority, about two-thirds of which did not believe (or were not sure) this minority existed.

In Stage III (1973 to the present), Arabs within Israel and in the occupied territories have been deeply affected by a torrent of powerful influences, e.g., direct PLO interaction with the Palestinians under Israeli control, the establishment of the Palestine National Front (a coalition in the occupied territories favorable to the PLO), the Rabat Summit recognition of the PLO, the UN resolutions of November 1974 and thereafter. Thus, Nakhleh says, those Palestinians, both in Israel and scattered around the world, who referred to themselves until now as Arabs (with whatever qualifier they chose), now for the first time, call themselves Palestinians.

This process of intensification of national feeling among the Arabs in Israel is taking place concurrently with a stunning population trend. Each of these two developments, growth in identity and in population, would be significant in itself; together they constitute a formidable combination.

In an insightful article that appeared in *Maariv*, one of Israel's largest newspapers (August 1, 1975), Reserve General Mattityahu Peled, who holds a doctorate from the University of California and now heads

the Faculty of Arabic Studies at the University of Tel Aviv, dwells not only on the increasing political consciousness of Israeli Arabs but also on the implications of their population growth. (Not all the following data are from Peled.) After 1948, Peled wrote, Arabs within Israel remained a "dumb, silent and obedient majority." They are no longer. While rising in absolute numbers, from about 180,000 in 1948 to 500,000 in 1975, the Arab *percentage* has, in fact, dropped, from 20 to 15 percent, because of the concurrent extensive growth of the Jewish population, especially through emigration. Of the one-half million Arabs in Israel today, 74 percent are Muslims, 17 percent Christians, 9 percent Druze. The increase rate is striking: for Muslims 43.7 per thousand, for Christians 19.6, for Druze 36.1, and for Jews 17.2. (Yehuda Ariel, *Haaretz*, Feb. 29 and March 1; in *Israelf*, March 17, 1976). About 50 percent of the Israeli Arabs today are under 14 years of age, and 75 percent are under 30. More than 90 percent of those of school age go to school (although under conditions far poorer than for Jewish children), they learn Hebrew and become aware of the system and its peculiarities. They live predominantly in the traditional areas, of the Triangle (in the middle of the country), in Galilee and in the mixed cities, but they have been going out far beyond their own living area in order to work. About 70 percent of the labor force in the Arab villages, men and women, work outside their villages; for those in the 15-25 age bracket, the figure is 90 percent. An Israeli writer, discussing the topic "Israeli Arabs Become Palestinian Arabs," summed up the contrast: "Fifty thousand young Israeli Arabs work daily in Jewish cities. But the city lights blaze only for Jews and not for them." (Eli Eyal, *Maariv*, June 21, 1974; in *Israeli Mirror*, July 31, 1974).

In the 1980s, says Peled, the Arab population within Israel, that is, within the pre-June 1967 borders, will reach one million. The Jewish population will be 4½ million. Others give somewhat lower figures; and Peled explicitly presumes an average annual Jewish immigration of 50,000, which is far higher than the reality in the last few years. Thus, Peled argues, the proportion of the Arab population will reach 20 or 22 percent. More than that, he says, we must assume that this growing Arab population will not continue to restrict itself to the geographic isolation it has had up to now, nor will it continue to abstain from playing a role in the management of affairs of state.

The conclusion is obvious. The developing Arab nationalist feeling, as manifested in the March 30 general strike, along with the rapid increase in the Israeli Arab population that can clearly be foreseen constitute together an unmistakable warning of danger ahead unless Israeli Jews attend. For many, the March 30 general strike sounded the alarm. In their shock Israeli

Jews are putting forward some serious questions.

Three days after the strike, at the weekly Cabinet meeting, most Cabinet members who spoke said that the government policy towards the Arab community required no revision! But they admitted that its implementation had been faulty and laggard; and they did approve a proposal made by three members to hold a full-dress debate on future trends in policy. The proposal to outlaw Rakah drew no support. A senior Cabinet member told *The Jerusalem Post*: "Everyone recognized the need for speedier implementation to give the Arab citizen a wider role in the life of the state. Educated Arab citizens . . . have to be integrated into the national endeavor, and advanced more rapidly in the Civil Service."

There was a tendency to blame the Communists—as happened in the emergency Knesset debate the day after the strike—or outside influences. Many could not see that the expropriation issue was really so important. The Israel press in several cases called for a revaluation of policy towards the Arab minority. Thus, the trade union federation newspaper *Davar* said that the Communist incitement and the land expropriation policy were only "catalysts in a situation of unrest that was built up over years." *Hamishmar*, organ of the left-wing Mapai faction of the Labor Party, called for a "reappraisal of policy" towards the Arab minority "in order to deal with the roots of the discontent and bitterness exploited by the Israeli Communist Party." A *Jerusalem Post* writer, Yosef Goell, concluded that the Israeli establishment's policy of using "tame" Arab politicians for its own internal political purposes could no longer go on, and called for a greater—and riskier—degree of independence for Arab leaders.

Peled (in his August 1 article), predicting that Arabs within Israel will no longer behave with the "obedience and submissiveness to which we have become accustomed," asked whether Israeli Jews will accept this new state of affairs or oppose it. If we try to ignore the character and significance of these changes, he said, we are bound to find ourselves soon in a confrontation situation with a public made up of citizens of the state who will *fight for their rights as citizens within the framework of the law*. (Italics added.) Peled hopes that, just as Prime Minister Levi Eshkol in a historic and far-sighted decision abolished in 1966 the military government—Arabs would say not "abolished but changed"—that was so oppressive to Arabs, so the Israeli government and the whole public will today decide to institute more equality in daily life as a guarantee for harmonious coexistence between the two sectors of the population. He concluded: "Equality, when accompanied by limitation or discrimination of any kind, is not equality." In that gentle truism lies a fundamental challenge to the implications of a Jewish state today.

MARTIN HEIDEGGER: IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM J. RICHARDSON

More at home with simple folk

Eighty-six years old and ailing, the old man went back home to die. "Home is where one starts from" (T.S. Eliot), and home for Martin Heidegger was Messkirch, a little Schwabian village near the Swiss border, where he was born. In a sense, he never left it. The short, squat figure, the rotund, mustached, somber face, the heavy hands, the rusty voice, the long, slow, stride—all belonged more to the peasant lumbering toward his morning chores than the university professor striding to the podium to address an audience as wide as the world. (His "Collected Works," already partially translated into more than 50 languages, will be published in 57 volumes.) In the early years, he sometimes even affected peasant dress in the classroom. At any rate, he seemed much more at home with simple folk of Messkirch than with his academic peers. Only his eyes—piercing, probing, relentlessly unsatisfied eyes—betrayed the depth, restlessness and rigor of the tireless quest to articulate what the peasant in him experienced as the simple nearness of home.

The full circle of that quest finds a kind of self-expression in a little-known essay with which he once commemorated (1949) the death of the Messkirch composer, Conradin Kreutzer. ("The Pathway," translated by Thomas F. O'Meara, O.P., *Listening*, II [1967], 88-91.) It is a brief pastoral meditation of the mature thinker as he treads again a path back home that he first came to know as a boy. The pathway leads from the courtyard gate over to Ehnried and back. Through meadow, hills, woods, and moor it comes at last to the castle wall. Behind the castle itself rises St. Martin's Church with its ancient bell "on whose ropes boys' hands have been rubbed hot." Then along the castle wall the pathway continues until it reaches again the courtyard gate to end where it began. "The end is where we start from" (T.S. Eliot).

The pathway guards rich memories for the thinker, "the early games and first choices." In the woods he used to fashion toy boats out of the bark of the trees that his father felled and send them on make-believe journeys long before he knew what it was like to em-

bark on a journey that would leave all familiar shores behind. Then there was the ancient oak sheltering a rough-hewn bench, where, as a university student, he would read the great thinkers of the past until, wearied by their complexities, he would put them aside to find comfort in the pathway itself that spoke to him only of . . . well, "the Simple." It was the Simple that never ceased to captivate him—the primal Source, the silent Origin out of which all things emerge into light and announce themselves as what they are. What is its meaning? How give it a proper name?

To be sure, the first thing that he knew to call it was "Being," but that was at the beginning of his way. He himself once described the initial experience. At the age of 18 (in his last year at the *Gymnasium* in Constance), a priest-friend had given him a copy of Franz Brentano's doctoral dissertation, *On the Manifest Sense of Being in Aristotle* (1862). "On the title page of this work, Brentano quotes Aristotle's phrase: *to on legetai pollachos*. I translate: 'A being [*Seiendes*: what-is] becomes manifest (i.e., with regard to its Being) in many ways.' Latent in this phrase is the question that determines the way of my thought: what is the pervasive, simple, unified determination of Being that permits all of its multiple meanings? . . . How can they be brought into comprehensible accord? This accord cannot be grasped without first raising and settling the question: whence does Being as such (not merely beings as beings) receive its determination?" This much set him on his way, and even though he tired of the term "Being" ("that long traditional, highly ambiguous, now worn-out word"), the question itself would pursue him to the end.

The details of the early steps of the journey seem less important at the moment: the essential role of man's existence (*Dasein*) in the experience of Being (for only man can say "is"); the value of phenomenology as a method of exploring it (for phenomenology lets beings reveal themselves as what they "are," i.e., in their Being); the role of time in the process (for beings "are" inasmuch as they come-to-presence, hence, comport past-future, present, the dimensions of time); the essential finitude of the experience (man's existence itself, as open to Being, is circumscribed from the beginning by limit, the absolute limit of human existence being "death"), etc. How all of this crystallized into

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the major opus, *Being and Time* (1927), is for philosophers to explain. What matters now is only the fact that Heidegger's own complexities developed out of an attempt to articulate the Simple, i.e., the simple experience of Being, with which alone he felt at home.

To be sure, the task itself was not simple. If it began with a phenomenological analysis of man's existence in its finitude (as Being-unto-death), it had to move to a confrontation with philosophy, i.e., with "ontology," or metaphysics as he understood it (from Plato to Nietzsche) in the philosophical tradition of the West. Metaphysics for him deals with beings (what-is) and therefore rests upon—but does not explore—the mystery of Being that is their ground. His search for the meaning of Being, then, was both an undermining (in that sense a "destruction") of Metaphysics and a founding of it on its essential ground. It demanded, therefore, a type of thinking that was far more fundamental, i.e., "foundation," than metaphysics, thus understood, could achieve.

The task involved, too, a critique of contemporary culture, which he saw to be oblivious of Being. He described the modern era as the epoch of "technicity" (*die Technik*). By this he meant more than "technology." Rather, technicity for him designated the manner in which Being manifests itself in the present epoch of history in such fashion that man experiences the beings with which he deals (including himself) as objects that can be submitted to his control. It is as a consequence of this experience that "technology" becomes possible. But by the same token, Being itself (as revealing and concealing itself in this experience) is all the more easily overlooked, so that man remains oblivious of his essential at-homeness with Being (the Simple). That is why contemporary man finds himself so uprooted and homeless ("alienated") in the world of objects, despite his technological achievements.

Then there was another kind of complication in his life: the ill-starred association with German politics in 1933, for which many of his critics never forgave him. Allegations are many, facts are few—nor is this the place to review them. What is clear is that Heidegger became Rector of the University of Freiburg in May, 1933, shortly after the Nazis came to power, and resigned his rectorate prematurely the following February because of a conflict with the government over administrative (not ideological) matters. Less well known is the fact that he accepted the position chiefly at the importunity of his University colleagues who hoped that his prestige would enable them to resist the invasion of the University by Nazi ideology. A secondary reason was the personal hope that he would have an opportunity to reorganize the faculties according to principles that were suggested in his inaugural lecture, "What is Metaphysics?" (1929), and grounded in his conception of the unity of the sciences as founded in the experience of

Being. That there were "compromises" along the way there is no doubt, but there is no doubt, either, that after his resignation he was regarded with suspicion by the Nazis, and that the many courses on Nietzsche that followed constituted a subtle, but genuine, confrontation with Nazi ideology.

But these were all complexities—what mattered was the Simple (i.e., Being). He queried the early Greeks and found them speaking of *Physis*, *Logos*, *A-lêtheia*, and each of these terms he meditated in turn. In a special way, *A-lêtheia* intrigued him—"truth," yes, but in the sense of "non-concealment," hence "liberation" from darkness and in that sense "freedom" in its origins. Then there was *Logos*, the original "gathered-togetherness," i.e., cohesion, of beings that found its correlative response in the *logos*, i.e., language of man. This meditation on the nature of language became a means of access to the eminently Question-able, i.e., Being-as-*Logos*, the Simple. Hence his fascination with poetry. Soon the correspondence of man with the Simple in the form of thought was paralleled by the correspond-



ence of man with Being-as-*Logos*, i.e., aboriginal Language, in the form of "poetizing" (*Dichten*). For Heidegger, then, thinking and poetizing—not technical achievement—became the "standard measure" of genuinely human activity.

The lonely searcher found one fellow traveler along the way, the poet Friedrich Hölderlin. Hölderlin was not just one poet among the rest who exemplified a certain theory of poetry, but the "poet of the poet" who articulated in lyric language the whole process of poetizing. In the poems, "Homecoming" and "Recollection," in particular, Hölderlin articulates an experience that paralleled Heidegger's own. They describe the process by which the poet learns to poetize. In his youth, the poet grows up in familiar surroundings at home. Intrigued by the beings about him and yearning for deeper communion with them, he nonetheless fails to realize that the source of nearness to them is Being itself as their Source—Source that is known only through the beings that spring from it, while it, itself, withdraws within them. Fascinated by beings, yet still unaware that it is their Source that he longs to experience more profoundly, the poet remains ill-at-ease and unsatisfied. Finally, he is led to leave home and seek the "heavenly fire" (i.e., Being as such) of the Southland. But there he is almost burnt up by its rays and soon learns that

he is not meant for sheer exposure to the blazing fire of Being but must return to the shade of the homeland, where beings (by their finitude) temper its heat. Having returned home from his journey ("Homecoming"), he can then re-trieve ("Re-collection") his experience of the heavenly fire as filtered now through the beings around him. Thus he becomes "at home" at home in nearness to the Source. His poetic task is to bring this whole experience into words through authentic poetizing.

Like Hölderlin thus interpreted, Heidegger announced to contemporary man as victim of technicity the need to become "at home" at home near his Source, i.e., Being. At the same time, he insisted that this new awareness is not something that man can arrive at through his own resources. Particularly in the present state of man's dereliction, only a new revelation of Being can "save" man. In an interview given in 1966 to the German news magazine, *Der Spiegel*, Heidegger declared that philosophy as such in its traditional sense was of no avail in achieving this insight. On the contrary, "only a god can save us. The only possibility available to us is that by thinking and poetizing we prepare a readiness for the appearance of a god . . . we cannot bring him forth by our thinking. At best we can awaken a readiness to wait [for him]."

We must wait for a new revelation from a god, then, but what kind of a god would this be? Not a personal being, it would seem, in any sense that is given to the word "God" in Western thought. In all probability, Heidegger was using the word in the sense that it appears in the Hölderlin interpretations, i.e., as a highly specified manifestation of Being as "the Holy."

To be sure, such language is easily misleading and raises the whole thorny issue of the relationship between Heidegger's experience of Being and the God of the Judeo-Christian tradition of the West. It cannot be resolved here. Let it suffice to recall that Heidegger's beginnings were deeply rooted in that tradition. His father had been sexton of St. Martin's church behind the castle, and when he wrote in "The Pathway," "slowly, almost hesitatingly, eleven strokes of the hour sound in the night. The old bell . . . shakes under the blows of the hour's hammer whose dark-droll face no one forgets," apparently there was recorded here something of an experience at home that he himself never forgot.

The early steps in his search for the meaning of Being took him first to the Roman Catholic seminary in Freiburg, then to a brief postulancy in the Society of Jesus, before he returned to the University of Freiburg to commit himself definitively to philosophy. When he finally began to teach at Freiburg, his interest in religion did not wane—in 1920-21, for example, he offered courses entitled, "Introduction to the Phenomenology of Religion," and "Augustine and Neo-Platonism." When, how, and why his disaffection from ecclesiastical Christianity began is, on the basis of presently available evidence, a

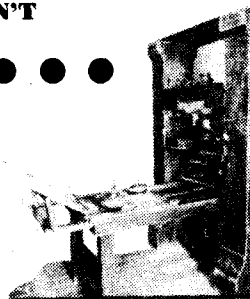
matter of speculation. In retrospect, however, it is understandable that a personal God in the traditional sense would become more and more problematic for him as he probed further the nature of Being as different from beings, even if one of these beings was thought of (e.g., in metaphysics) as "supreme." It is understandable, too, how faith would seem alien to thought if, indeed, "the unconditional nature of faith and the questioning character of thought are two different spheres that are a chasm apart."

Understandable, yes—but not entirely acceptable to all. Is the God of the Judeo-Christian tradition no more than a being like the rest—even though designated "supreme?" Surely to identify him with the *causa sui* of German rationalism, as Heidegger seemed to do, is to undersell the efforts of an entire tradition of thought that presumed to speak of God only by analogy and developed a whole "negative theology" as a result. Again, if one takes the "questioning character" of thought to mean (as he suggested) a "willing to know"—where "willing" means authentic "resoluteness," and "to know" means "to be able to stand forth in the truth," [i.e.,] "the manifestation of being"—then is such a thought really separated by an unbridgeable chasm from faith, if this be taken as a resolute openness to self-manifesting Mystery—and "all in the waiting" (T. S. Eliot).

However this may be, Being as Heidegger experienced it, is not God as Heidegger understood him, and although he respected—and encouraged—the efforts of theologians who found inspiration in his thought (e.g., Bultmann, Rahner, Macquarrie, *et al.*), he steadfastly refused to ally their efforts to his own. For him, there was only the relentless going of the way, i.e., the pathway whose message spoke only of . . . the Simple. "The pathway's message awakens a sense which loves freedom and, at a propitious place, leaps over sadness into serenity. . . . This knowing serenity is a gate to the eternal. . . . The message makes us at home after a long origin here."

So now the bell of St. Martin's Church has struck midnight, and "with the last stroke the stillness has become yet more still. . . . The Simple has become simpler." By all accounts, Heidegger's end was serene, and it is reported that at his own request he was buried with a Roman Catholic religious ceremony. Was it, then, an end or a beginning? What we know for certain is only that it was a return to where he started from, after the long origin here. Those who admired his genius, learned much from his efforts and honored him for his fidelity to his quest—for his own indefatigable readiness to wait—can only respect the silence of that moment. But they can hope . . . that "the inexhaustible power of the Simple" (*Alêtheia*, the *Logos*) finally rendered up its proper name to him, so as to "surprise" him—and "free" him—in the end. May his knowing serenity indeed prove a gate to the eternal!

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PRESS



Something extraordinary happened in Argentina last August 29, a Sunday. Thirty "leftists," none of them yet identified by name, were taken to a deserted area near Buenos Aires, presumably by members of the 35,000-man federal police. It is also possible that the Army of the Secretaria de Information del Estado (SIDE), the Argentine secret police, were involved. In the absence of an official investigation it is hard to say for sure. The federal police are the prime suspects only because the "leftists" were presumably rounded up from various Argentine jails where thousands are being held.

The assumption that the 30 "leftists" came from jails is based on the fact the event of August 29 was not preceded by a mass outbreak of kidnappings. These have grown increasingly frequent in the last year but 30 all at once would have made an impression even in Argentina's current political agony.

What is not in dispute is that the 30 "leftists," once gathered together, were all murdered. Their bodies were then dragged into a single great pile and were dynamited. A second mass execution the same day brought the total to more than 40. The bodies at the two sites were discovered the following day, August 30, and were duly reported in the Argentine and foreign press. I read about them in the *New York Times* and I have been wondering what has been going on down there ever since.

There has been no lack of coverage of the Argentine violence by Juan de Onis of the *Times* and Joanne Omang of the *Washington Post*, among others. Every couple of days there is a story about new killings—a handful here, ten there, the bombing of police stations, "clashes" in or near La Plata, and so on. I put "clashes" in quotes because it is widely believed that a lot of them are not really battles at all, but mass executions of kidnapped or arrested "leftists" reported as battles to avoid the onus of murder.

I put "leftists" in quotes because there have been so many killings and arrests of such an arbitrary nature it seems to me impossible the killers can really know in most cases who their victims are. More likely, their names are simply lifted from SIDE files, which no doubt are as whimsical and capacious as J. Edgar Hoover's.

In addition to stories about individual killings there are more general round-up or survey pieces every month or so. These report that the violence began in earnest

after the military overthrow of Juan Peron's widow last March 24. On one side in this struggle are the Argentine military, the federal police, SIDE and various right-wing groups with quasi-official status. On the other are two major guerrilla organizations, the Trotskyite People's Revolutionary Army and the Montoneros, described as leftist-Peronists. It is clear that the right has adopted a virtual policy of extermination against the left, despite frequent claims by Argentina's President of five months, General Jorge R. Videla, that he is trying to bring the killers under control. Videla's failure is generally blamed on divisions within the military junta which put Videla into power and which ultimately rules the country.

What is not at all clear is how this awful violence got started in the first place, and how it fits into similar left-right violence in the rest of what is called the "southern cone" of Latin America—Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil and Bolivia. The natural tendency has been to report on the events within each country separately as if they were discrete and unrelated. This simplifies matters and is therefore convenient, but it is also misleading, since the broader violence strikes me as being all of a piece.

It is also far from being something new. In the early '60s revolutionary ferment in Brazil, and especially in the Northeast, led to a coup by a repressive right-wing military regime which has been in power ever since. In Bolivia in the middle '60s there was a brief outbreak by a guerrilla *foco* under Ché Guevara, who was captured and killed by the government in 1967. In the late '60s and early '70s the Tupumaros were active in Uruguay, leading to a similar right-wing military takeover there, and at roughly the same time Allende came to power in Chile and was eventually overthrown and killed by the military in September, 1973. More recently the struggle has shifted to Argentina. In each instance local groups mounted a local challenge which brought a local response, generally of a violent military nature. Names and circumstances may change but the pattern has been the same, and it deserves a more general explanation than it has yet received. For one thing, a general explanation would emphasize that there are two sides to this war, just as there are to any other, and that it is not simply a wave of right-wing military nationalism, or even fascism, sweeping the southern cone.

I do not think reporters have been guilty of making such a bald claim, but that strikes me as the accumulative effect of so many stories about the violent repressive measures of military governments. The nature of the military regime is not in doubt but their opponents rarely emerge as anything more than the initials of some revolutionary group, giving a weirdly skewed impression of the struggle which is taking place. Along with the numerous stories of right-wing kidnappings and murders in Argentina have been occasional reports of

major guerrilla attacks. In one such attack on an arsenal near Buenos Aires last year the guerrillas lost 100 dead, proof not only that it had been a fierce battle indeed but that the guerrillas constitute a large and well-organized underground army. The military seem to be winning the war—most estimates say that 90 per cent or more of the 1,200 Argentines killed so far this year are guerrillas or “leftists.” But the guerrillas—whoever they are—aren’t beaten yet.

In a recent dispatch in the *Times* [November 17], Juan de Onis wrote: “Despite their heavy losses, the guerrillas retain the ability to carry out nightly operations. The leadership and structure of the Montoneros has not been decisively smashed, and several thousands armed extremists are believed to be operating, mainly in urban areas and industrial centers.”

That is about the most detailed description of the guerrilla side in this war which I’ve seen in six months. Robert Santucho’s name has come up once or twice, just often enough to let me know he was the founder of the ERP, and that SIDE recently managed to hunt him down and kill him. But I have no idea who he was, or why he founded the ERP, or what he believed, or why he decided to launch military operations, or who joined his army, or what their reasons were for doing so. Argentina is in the middle of a violent revolutionary struggle, and yet the revolutionaries remain a complete cipher, with the result that they appear to the world as victims only.

From one point of view this can be interpreted as another example of the traditional indifference of North Americans to everything which goes on in South America. I’m sure we’re going to hear a great deal more about separatism in Quebec in the next year than we have about Latin American politics in the last ten.

Another possible explanation of American indifference is that revolution has been impending in South America for so long now that readers and editors alike have grown tired of waiting, and reporters are instructed to keep it short. A third reason is the tendency of reporters to focus their attention on officials—repressive right-wing officials, in this case—and neglect the much broader, more complex and less accessible ferment of the people. You can describe the dynamiting of 30 bodies in a few paragraphs, where an attempt to identify the dead might take hundreds.

But the most important reason, I suspect, is that the “story”—that is, the matrix of unstated assumptions which determine what a reporter puts in the first paragraph—is “right-wing repression” rather than “revolutionary struggle.” This is a delicate matter and I expect to be misunderstood, but all the same I think reporters have approached political violence in the southern cone as if the important question, the one overriding and decisive question, was whether or not the military is violating the civil rights of its victims. I am not indif-

ferent to civil liberties, but I also think the nature of what is happening in Argentina is distorted beyond recognition by the tendency to see it strictly as a matter of due process. The important question is not who is meanest and cruelest—the military wins hands down—but what the struggle is about, and who is going to win it.

The war in Argentina is only the most recent episode in a broader movement which began with Fidel Castro in Cuba in 1959, found persuasive theoreticians in Ché Guevara and Régis Debray, rejected the mass movement organizing efforts of the old Communist party, and attempted to spark the revolution with highly disciplined elite groups ready to resort to military means. This was not a solitary adventure by some half-organized group of idealistic students, but a continent-wide effort which has spanned a fifteen-year period, sparked dozens of risings, and left thousands dead.

The southern cone has been only one field of battle, although arguably the last. Groups like the Montoneros and ERP have sprung up, fought and been crushed in almost every Latin American country, sometimes (as in Guatemala, Peru and Bolivia) more than once. Their successive failures may represent a misreading of the people, or an underestimation of the CIA’s counter-insurgency schools, or just the wrong way of going about a revolution. For whatever reasons, the principal effect of the guerrilla *focos* in one country after another has been political crisis leading to right-wing military dictatorship. Whether the brutality of these regimes will lead in turn to a renewed, broader and ultimately more successful revolutionary movement remains to be seen. But it is clear there is more going on in the Southern cone than what reporters in Vietnam used to call “bang bang.”

THOMAS POWERS

‘ABSOLUTELY AS IT IS’



THE STAGE

“But now, you see, I’ve grown up,” Ralph Richardson told a *New York Times* interviewer [Nov. 7, 1976]. “I would no more ask an author what he meant than I would *fly*.” There was a certain amount of amiable put-on in the *Times* piece, as Richardson and John Gielgud ramblingly recalled their adventures among the avant-garde dramatists, but the lines I have quoted seem to make good sense for an actor. And for a critic. Too many of the commentators on Pinter, faced with the playwright’s refusal to explain himself, impose meaning on him, usually a kind of quivering metaphysics far too spongy for the dramatic solidity he puts on stage. By now everyone knows (or should know: there are always

a few baffled people in the audience demanding a tune they can whistle) that what is happening on Pinter's stage and to whom will not be explained. Even so, audiences are drawn into the best of his plays, moved sometimes by emotions that they cannot define for themselves. Pinter is a playwright first, a creator of dramatic events, the implications of which float free for the viewer to trap, take home, domesticate, do with what he will.

The event in *No Man's Land* is a favorite one with Pinter. An outsider, a stranger, who may not be a stranger really (v. *Old Times*), is introduced into a static social or familial situation—as the derelict is in *The Caretaker*, the wife in *The Homecoming*. After several acts of remarkable talk—threats, cajolery, reminiscence, aborted philosophy—in which the intruder or the status quo appears to be in danger, the play ends, usually with a restatement of the original situation or a variation on it, as in *The Homecoming*. In *No Man's Land* the outsider is a down-at-heels poet, or perhaps a pub busboy who sounds and looks like one (Gielgud says he modeled his wardrobe on Auden's). Hirst, obviously affluent, apparently a successful literary man, brings Spooner back to his house, to a fascinating circular room (tower? prison? hospital? tomb? home?), one of those enclosures in which Pinter so likes to trap his characters. They are joined by Hirst's servants (keepers? guards?), another of Pinter's menacing comic pairs, descendants of McCann and Goldberg in *The Birthday Party*, who spend a good part of the play tormenting Spooner, as Mick does the old man in *The Caretaker*. For the most part, Spooner appears to be invulnerable to their barbs, until toward the end of the last act when he makes a determined plea for a permanent place in this strange ménage—a place which he holds in any case since the Hirst establishment has its only reality on stage and Spooner, as abrasive presence, has been a part of it since the play began. His intricate connection with the small group is clear at the final curtain—not so much an ending as an abrupt breaking off of the action—when Hirst accepts Spooner's restatement of the “no man's land” that Hirst and all of them inhabit.

Pinter characters are regularly beset by uncertainty about their identities—Stanley's shifting history in *The Birthday Party*, the old man's lost papers in *The Caretaker*—and about their memories, as in *Landscape, Silence* and *Old Times*. “I am I,” says Spooner proudly, making his pitch for a job as well as a stranger, a supplicant as well as a free man, a busser of pintpots as well as a poet. As with the present, the past. There is a marvelous sequence in the second act, almost a parody of Oxcam-Home Counties gossip, in which the two old men begin to remember or invent old triumphs, old scandals; each one tries to top the other until Hirst is ready to horsewhip Spooner for an insult to a woman whom neither of them may ever have known. Somewhere around the house there is said to be an album in

which memories are caught, frozen fixed, but we never see it since memories, in Pinter and in fact, have a way of borrowing from fiction. This sliding sense of reality only emphasizes that the theatrical moment is the closest in reality anyone can come to in a world with a redactable past and an unknown future. Any future here, as the age of the poets and some of their lines (“last lap of a race”) suggest, is death.

No Man's Land is the first Pinter play in six years, but the audiences filling the Longacre are there less for the playwright's sake than for the chance to watch John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson perform. Gielgud's Spooner is primly outrageous, a beautiful construction put together with minute details of gesture, grimace, movement. As Hirst, Richardson raises the reaction stare and the throwaway line to character definition. Although Terence Rigby, an old Pinter hand, and Michael Kitchen are doing good work with the other two roles, the chief pleasure of *No Man's Land* is watching Richardson and Gielgud work together. Since *No Man's Land* never moved me, as *The Caretaker* does, as *Old Times* did in production, I found myself wondering if the virtuosity of the two performers had upstaged the play completely. Then I remembered David Storey's *Home*, in which the playing of Richardson and Gielgud moved the play to a painfully effective ending. *No Man's Land*, then, falls short of the best of Pinter—too many Pinteresque echoes perhaps, tinging immediacy with artifice. Still, *No Man's Land* has substance, characters, wit, verbal dexterity—all that one has come to expect from Pinter—and it would be foolish to let the memory of earlier achievements stand in the way of the new play. Dangerous, too, for if I understand Pinter correctly, I may have invented the early Pinter plays in retrospect.

GERALD WEALES

ROHMER RENEWED



THE SCREEN

In the last issue I outlined some of the ways in which Eric Rohmer's new film, *The Marquise of O——*, breaks precedent with the “six moral tales” he made before it. Where they are all films about “mediocre” people to whom “nothing must happen,” to put it in words from his characters' own mouths, *The Marquise of O——* is a film in which everything happens: siege, molestation, rescue, unconscious rape, inexplicable pregnancy, resurrection from the dead, ostracism, public self-humiliation, and, finally, reconciliation. In Rohmer's previous films, speech precedes events. In *Ma Nuit Chez Maud*, for instance, we hear several stories about icy

roads before the hero actually drives on one himself. In *Claire's Knee*, a character recites at the beginning the plot of a story she is writing, and it anticipates what happens in the film. And before touching the knee of an ingenue named Claire at the film's climactic moment, the hero, Jerome, discusses endlessly with the story writer *whether* he should touch the girl's knee.

Moreover, as both *Claire's Knee* and *Ma Nuit Chez Maud* demonstrate, speech not only precedes events in the moral tales, it threatens to overwhelm them. It almost paralyzes action, which remains at best virtually inconsequential. In *The Marquise of O——*, on the other hand, action precedes speech and stifles it instead. Half the calamities in *The Marquise of O——* listed above occur in the opening few scenes, and their effect, understandably, is that the characters are all struck dumb. Again and again, as revelation mounts upon predicament, author Heinrich von Kleist tells us in his novella, "and they all fell speechless." It would be hard to imagine an atmosphere less usual than this in a Rohmer film.

For all that, however, *The Marquise of O——* does have a kind of continuity, a consistency, with Rohmer's other work, and this is in the end perhaps the overriding consideration in our response to the film. That short story which is being written at the beginning of *Claire's Knee* provides a kind of analogue between earlier work and the new film, as does a piece of sculpture we find in the prologue to Rohmer's *La Collectionneuse*. This sculpture, which two of the characters discuss, has been made by fastening razor blades edge-out around a tin can, and it prefigures the personality of the film's central character, a girl named Haydee. The point is that both the short story recited in *Claire's Knee* and this piece of sculpture in *La Collectionneuse* are *objets d'art* that stand at the head of the film as a precedent, a precursor, of what is to follow. And Kleist's novella precedes Rohmer's new film in much the same spirit. It is a work of art that prophesies strangely the lives of the characters in the film, and yet also differs from their lives in small but appreciable details.

In other words, Rohmer hasn't done just the deferential adaptation *The Marquise of O——* at first appears, but rather, has seen in Kleist's work something suited to his own temperament. As an artificer of "mediocre" characters to whom nothing happens, Rohmer is certainly not the arch-Romantic Kleist was. A manic depressive who ended his life at age thirty-five in a suicide pact with a woman, Kleist probably saw the rape of the Marquise in his story as having a redemptive value. To be violated by life was for Kleist no doubt an epiphany of sorts; in his eyes, it saved the Marquise from the terrible solitude of living within herself. Such a view of love is untenable today. Yet Kleist's story assumes its Romanticism so completely—indeed, it fairly swallows it whole—that there is a certain flatness about its

episodes, a matter-of-factness that is both deeply pathetic and at the same time comical. Because it has this quality, Kleist's story allows Rohmer to insinuate his anti-Romanticism in it subtly and make the story his own. It leaves him room to shoulder his way in with discretion and take over the story without our even noticing, rather the way Jerome touches Claire's knee.

That touching of Claire's knee seems to touch upon Rohmer's adaptation of Kleist in several ways. Oblivious impregnations like that which befalls the Marquise in Kleist's story are practically a tradition in nineteenth-century literature. From Kleist's story through Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*, seduction and rape are forever occurring as if they were really the opposite of seduction and rape—as if they were immaculate conceptions. A woman lets someone whisper in her ear, gazes at the stars or, like the Marquise, nods off for a few minutes; and several chapters later she finds herself pregnant. Thus carnal knowledge becomes a mere trifle, as that Victorian euphemism about "trifling with a woman's affections" would have it. This is a convention that we can no longer take seriously today, and as such it is not unlike what happens when Jerome touches the knee of Claire, who doesn't even notice he has done so.

Rohmer's strategy is to intensify some of the symbolic equations and symbolic contrasts in Kleist's story in a way that makes them self-mocking. At the end, for instance, the Marquise (Edith Clever) forgives the Count (Bruno Ganz) who has rescued, raped, courted and married her. But once they are reconciled, he asks why, when she placed a newspaper ad and was willing to marry whoever answered it, she was so chagrined that he had been the one. She answers that "he wouldn't have looked like a devil to her then if he had not seemed like an angel to her at first appearance." This is the last line of the story, and it leaves open for Rohmer the possibility of implying throughout the film that all his characters are in between angels and devils in precisely the way he has always thought man to be—half-way in between, in that middling, earthbound state which an earlier Rohmer hero characterizes as "mediocre."

It is through such disparities in human nature that Rohmer lets himself into Kleist's story. In Rohmer's adaptation, the opposition between angels and devils is reinforced by new ones between domesticity and warfare, birth and death, Eros and Thanatos. (In Rohmer's version alone, for example, a surrogate for the Count's impregnation of the Marquise is a scene where she is startled awake by the firing squad executing the molesters from whom the Count rescued her.) And always, man is left stranded awkwardly in the middle between these contending forces. Where Rohmer and Kleist really meet, I think, is in a shared perception of life as something imponderably ambiguous. Or at least Kleist's story lends itself to such a perception. The dominant

characteristic of that story is a kind of opacity—what I before called its matter-of-factness—which perhaps explains why Kleist was also much admired by Kafka. Kleist's narrative suggests that events are capable of having insanely opposite qualities at the same time, and this is no doubt what appealed to Rohmer.

For in the end this is the way Rohmer himself sees the world. It's a way of seeing the world that is implicit in man's "mediocre" position half-way between heaven and hell. Consider the climactic moment of *La Collectionneuse*. Haydee has at this point been passed along by the hero, Adrien, to a rich American whose patronage Adrien is courting. To that end Adrien has also obtained a rare Chinese vase for the American, who is a collector, but in the climactic scene Haydee is leading both men a playful chase around a room and topples the vase off its stand, smashing it to pieces. Perhaps the breaking of the vase is that most moral of all human actions: revenge—an expression of Haydee's secret rage at the way Adrien has prostituted her. Or perhaps, being even more decadent than he, Haydee has broken the vase on a simple whim and with complete indifference

to its value as art. Rohmer's treatment doesn't exclude either possibility, nor does it deny that the breakage is what it seems on the surface, a perfectly innocent accident.

When he was making the "moral tales," Rohmer always claimed, "I had no intention of preaching morals, but rather of reflecting on morals. . . . I consider my characters to be free. They are not marionettes and they do not broadcast my opinions." The moral neutrality which the breaking of the Chinese vase in *La Collectionneuse* preserves in Rohmer himself is dictated by his perception of the moral ambiguity of life. In Kleist's work Rohmer has found a vision of life that seems similarly irresolvable. In being "mediocre" because they are torn between extremes—not the least of which are the extremes of Kleist's Romanticism and Rohmer's modernism—the characters in the film version of *The Marquise of O*—— are terribly compromised. Yet at the same time they are also "free" in the sense that they embody Kleist's original version of their story as well as Rohmer's own, and leave it to us to choose between the two.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

MARIANISM AND MARINA WARNER

GEORGE A. LINDBECK

Alone of All Her Sex: The Myth and Cult of the Virgin Mary

MARINA WARNER

Knopf, \$15

This book may well create more excitement than it deserves. Many, whether friends or foes, will read it as a devastating attack on the Mother of Our Lord, on the Roman Church and even on Christianity itself; but it would be fairer, I think, to view it as a fairly normal example of what an ex-devotee who has learned to think in currently fashionable categories is likely to make of the Marian cult. It will not appeal either to scholars or to the devout, but it is symptomatic of the contemporary mind.

The author is a thirty-year-old former Features Editor of *Vogue* whose

first book was on the Chinese Empress Tz'u-hsi. She has now produced a large, comprehensive, lavishly illustrated and interestingly written account of Marianism from its beginnings until now. Apart from a life-time of scholarship, it is inevitable that those who risk works of this scope will often blunder in ways which make specialists wince, but Marina Warner is factually no more unreliable than most intelligent and hard-working generalists who write for the literate public. Nor are her interpretations unusual. They combine themes of long-standing in the non-Catholic literature with contemporary liberationist elements.

The over-all thesis is that Mary, the Galilean maid, has been transformed by the Church into an oppressive ideal from which Catholic women in particular suffer, although the male of the species does not escape unscathed. The

virginal ideal reinforces the linking of sin, sex and death into "a web which traps every Christian. For if desire, as natural as breath or sleep itself, is sinful, then the Christian, like a man in the grasp of a usurer, must always run back to the Church, the only source of that grace which can alone give him reprieve" (50-51).

This theme is repeated again and again: "the very conditions which make the Virgin sublime are beyond the powers of women to fulfill unless they deny their sex. Accepting the Virgin as the ideal of purity implicitly demands rejecting the ordinary female condition as impure" (77). Further, "The icon of Mary and Christ side by side is one of the Christian Church's most polished deceptions: it is the very image and hope of earthly consummated love used to give that love the lie. Its undeniable power and beauty

do not heal: rather, the human sore is chafed and exposed" (133). Again, "Mary's virginity underlines the pollution of intercourse; her freedom from the pangs of birth focuses exaggerated attention on them. In addition, the Church's teaching on contraception and abortion, which stems directly from the same misogynist ideas about the woman's role, exacerbates the terrors of sex and childbirth by maintaining pregnancy as a constant and very real danger. In turn, this reinforces the believer's need for solace, and swells the Church's authority and power" (338).

These are not Mary's only faults. In the middle ages, she was "an establishment prop accepted because, as we have seen in the symbol of her queenship, she could be used to affirm the legitimacy of the *status quo*." Even now she remains "an instrument of propaganda for a Church committed to female subordination" (147).

To be sure, there is good in Mary also, especially in her role as fertility goddess, but even here bitter is mixed with sweet: "women are subjugated to the ideal of maternity. Therefore, although the Virgin's fruitfulness inspires the gayest and most joyful side of her cult . . . against a backdrop of blossom and springtime and dance and song, it does not transform her into a divinity who restores the equilibrium between the sexes, or looses women from the bands of tedious biological teleology" (284).

The final verdict, then, is that "a goddess is better than no goddess at all, for the somber-suited masculine world of Protestant religion is altogether too much like a gentlemen's club to which the ladies are admitted only on special days. But it should not be necessary to have a goddess contrasted with a god, a divinity who stands for qualities considered the quintessence of femininity and who thus polarizes symbolic and religious thought into two irreconcilably opposed camps" (338).

The animus is evident, but understandable, for the author is, by her own description, an ex-devotee: 'It was only

in the last two years at school, when I had been a devout Mariolator all my conscious life, that I felt the first chill wind sigh in the blissful pleasure dome . . . The price the Virgin demanded was purity . . . It is wry now to remember, at this distance, the terror this inspired: the children who spent the night cruciform on the dormitory floor after a 'dirty thought'; the tears of shame and embarrassment in the confessional after teen-age gropings at lights-out parties . . . so potent was the Virgin's spell that for years I could not enter a church without pain . . . but I held fast to my new intimation that in the very celebration of the perfect human woman, both humanity and women were subtly denigrated" (xxi).

The engaging candor of this confession is not marred, fortunately, by excessive claims to originality. Protestants in particular are likely to find the author's major contentions familiar. They are found in such standard works as Miegge's (cited by Warner) who explains the connection between the dualistic, other-worldly asceticism of the late classical period and the development of Marian devotion with more scholarly precision than she does. Already four hundred years ago, the Reformers denounced medieval Catholic notions of purity as unnatural. Jimmy Carter is simply being a good Lutheran (albeit a Baptist one) in assuming that "lust in the heart" is normal even for the justified, even for the born again. Lastly, the heathen origin of the cult of the saints was often asserted by sixteenth century polemicists, and there is nothing which make traditional Protestants shudder more than an "Ave Maria" or the Virgin of Guadalupe.

It is not, to be sure, "idolatry" and "works-righteousness" which repel Ms. Warner, but rather the conviction that the Marian model is intrinsically and uniquely oppressive of women. For this, however, she advances no evidence. Women in cultures unburdened by this ideal, such as those of China or of Islam, have not traditionally been more liberated, to put it mildly, than the women of Catholic Christendom. No

doubt Mary has been used to reinforce subordination, just as Jesus has been used to justify crusades, but abuse does not abolish use.

It is the neglect of this adage, as it happens, which is the major structural weakness of the over-all argument. Mary has at times been useful. She transmuted the cult of the Great Mother and contributed to the Christianization and humanization of Stoic *apatheia* and Neo-Platonic otherworldliness. She even helped to improve the condition of women in some ways and in some places (as Warner, like any other student of the subject, must at least fleetingly concede). There were also abuses. Mary assimilated many of the features of the foes over which she triumphed, and it is these features, these abuses, which we are most inclined to remember because they are still with us. The uses, in contrast, are easily forgotten because the paganisms to which they were pertinent have vanished. It is here above all that Warner is at fault. She has reinforced our unbalanced memories rather than corrected them, as a historian should.

Nevertheless, even if her book were rewritten with exemplary attention to both sides of the dialectic, its final question would stand. Is Mary still useful? Are there features of present, and not only past, culture which can be fruitfully construed in terms of the gospel stories of the Galilean maid? Or is the current Christian situation one in which her role should be no more important than it was, for example, for St. Paul?

Marina Warner's own answer is that Mary's days are numbered. Jesus's mother has become inseparably identified with post-biblical accretions which are irredeemably obsolete. This may be so; and I am enough of a Protestant to be quite untroubled by the prospect. Yet as an historian and a theologian, I am skeptical. The uses and abuses of Mary have been more varied and flexible than this book indicates, and it would be foolhardy to predict what new ones may be found or old ones refurbished in the changing social and cultural contexts of the future.

In the meantime, this is one of very few volumes in the immense Marian literature addressed to the educated general reader. It is a pity that it is not better.

The Takeover

MURIEL SPARK

Viking, \$8.95

IRVING MALIN

Muriel Spark is a disturbing writer because she refuses to offer plain sermons; she never underlines her articles of Catholic faith. She assumes that we will get her slanted messages. She is usually correct.

Her new novel is, however, especially troubling. If we merely accept the "mad" goings on—the pairing of servants and masters, the odd speech-patterns of foreigners (English, Italian, and American), and the shifting power-plays—we are inclined to dismiss them as an odd jumble or mistake.

But *The Takeover* surmounts most of its difficulties. Perhaps the best way to grasp its central meaning (and pattern) is by studying its title. Spark is concerned with possession—all kinds of possession. Superficially the plot concerns the role of money. Maggie, the heroine, is a wealthy lady who owns (or tries to own) houses, people, and antiques. She controls the money-flow; she is the materialistic queen.

But Maggie cannot completely "take over the world" because she cannot control superior, mysterious forces. The oil shortage, the computerized accounts, the "mysterious and intangible" transformations of property—the novel is filled with reproductions and fakes—are examples of unpredictable and unknown aspects of the pattern that she believes she creates.

Maggie is "stupid." She refuses, except toward the novel's end, to admit that she is simply another "servant." Thus she provokes Spark's satiric thrusts: she lives in rich darkness "hardly needing her flashlamp."

Hubert, the sometime secretary-advisor-enemy of Maggie, is also a cun-

ning fool (if we can unite these opposite words). He convinces himself that he is descended from immortal Diana; he takes over the "divine" task of passing judgment on his "cruel" employer. He even founds a religious community to praise the primitive goddess. Although he tells his delinquent believers—hippies, oddballs, and con-men—that he understands the true faith, he is only another false prophet who, like Maggie, refuses to see *through* money. Hubert is perhaps more dangerous than she; he speaks in metaphors and myths, recognizing that he can clothe his materialism in striking words: "The concepts of property and material possession are the direct causes of such concepts as perjury, lying, deception and fraud. In the world of symbol, and the worlds of magic, of allegory and mysticism, deceit has no meaning, lies do not exist, fraud is impossible." He "takes over" his flock, but he is seduced by his own words.

The novel is, then, a battle for ownership—over people as well as house—but it does not stay on one comic level. Spark subtly suggests that art itself is her underlying subject. She reminds us, as she did in her first novel, that she as writer is on uneasy ground. She is, after all, the owner of all of her characters—she possesses them—and she has to fight the very principles of lying and deceit they practice. But Spark must lie in order to create truth and to instruct us about spiritual life. There is an odd—and, I must add, an ancient—battle between art and divine truth.

If we can return to Hubert's words about the falsity of language, we can see that Spark uses these not only to point her accusing finger at his ill-conceived plots but at her own artistic struggles. She implies that many readers will settle for cosy coincidence, delightful reading and forget that her novel pursues other directions.

The Takeover is, strangely enough, a fake. Although it seems made for Hollywood—the casting of the jet-set characters would make a movie in itself—it is underneath all the glittering and showy details, a meditation upon the relation of art and religion. It com-

pels us to search beneath the painted surface. Once we do, we see that it deals with the passing of eras, religions (save one!) pseudo-mystical concepts, prophecies, and earthly life. Hubert remarks to himself at one point: "Eras pass. . . . They pass every day. He felt dejected. He cheered up. Then he felt dejected again." We must reread such passages to see that Spark moves beyond easy irony about Hubert and plants seeds of spiritual truth which bloom unexpectedly. *The Takeover* maintains that only one kind of truth can comfort us—to play with the title of her first novel—and that heavenly wisdom can barely be glimpsed in earth-bound texts.

1876 A Novel

GORE VIDAL

Random House, \$10

The Hundredth Year: The United States in 1876

JOHN D. BERGAMINI

Putnam's, \$12.95

America in 1876: The Way We Were

LALLY WEYMOUTH

Designed by Milton Glaser

Vintage Books, \$7.95

ROBERT V. REMINI

These three entertainments celebrate, in a manner of speaking, the Centennial Year in American history. And they each do it in a unique and interesting way. Gore Vidal resumes his fictional narrative of the adventures of Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler, begun so winningly in *Burr: A Novel*, with Schuyler's return in 1876 to America, after an extended stay in Europe, to recoup his fortunes by arranging a marriage of convenience for his daughter and negotiating his appointment as United States Minister to France. John D. Bergamini weaves through the major political and social events of the year with an almost day by day account of what was going on, like a

diary, hopping from place to place around the country (and sometimes outside the country) and dropping in on such diverse figures as Mark Twain, Henry Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Brigham Young, William Dean Howells, Woodrow Wilson, Emily Dickinson, Peter Cooper and many others. Lally Weymouth, in a profusely illustrated and over-sized paperback—necessitating the naming of the designer of the book as joint author on the cover—provides pictures and text to eight of the most significant developments of the Centennial Year.

For the most part the books are charming and pleasant and superficial. They lack original research in the scholarly sense and therefore have nothing new or profound to say about the Centennial. But in different ways they each seem to carry an identical message: that the year 1876 was a disaster in American history, and that we need to look back at it because we appear to be uncomfortably close to it in this our Bicentennial.

It is difficult to imagine a worse year than 1876. General Ulysses S. Grant was reluctantly concluding two terms in office as President of the United States, much to the relief of the American people. Scandal enveloped the government. Bribery flourished. Every conceivable device to steal, defraud, and abscond was brazenly practiced at all levels of business and government. Public and private morality was appallingly low. Only money mattered; nothing else. And to acquire it—indeed to amass fortunes of hundreds of millions of dollars—became the raging passion of many who did not hesitate to affront any decency if they thought they could get away with it, including stealing the presidency.

1876 witnessed one of the great constitutional crises in American history: the disputed presidential election between Samuel J. Tilden, governor of New York, and General Rutherford B. Hayes, governor of Ohio. Unquestionably, Tilden won the election. He certainly had the popular majority. But disputes over the returns from Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida and Ore-

gon were allowed to go before a congressionally-created Electoral Commission and after an incredible amount of bribery and skullduggery, the election was snatched from Tilden and handed to Hayes. Thereafter, the President was known as “Rutherfraud” B. Hayes.

1876 included other shockers. It saw the “massacre” of General George A. Custer and his troops by Chief Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors at the Little Big Horn, and the execution of twenty Molly Maguires, Irish coal miners accused and convicted of murdering their bosses. Not that the year was a total disaster. There were bright moments like the performances mounted by P. T. Barnum and the publication of Mark Twain’s *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

The big celebration, however, to commemorate the Centennial was the International Exhibition of Arts, Manufacturers and Products of the Soil and Mine which opened in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia on May 10, 1876. This was the first World’s Fair held in this country. It opened with an original but uninspired musical composition by

Business was booming in post-Civil War America and . . . the rich and especially the newly rich were accumulating and spending vast fortunes. Gone were the great days of the Livingstons and the Van Rensselaers in New York, the Carrolls in Maryland, and the Byrds in Virginia. These old families had fallen before the spirit of the new age. . . . Fine houses, flashy and showy, sprang up on all sides; the saloons of the city glittered with jewels and rustled with costly fabrics; and magnificent equipages whirled through the streets with a dash that made the ‘old citizens’ fairly hold their breath. Former social position, good birth, good breeding went for nothing. Money became the standard of social excellence.

—America in 1876

Richard Wagner, and included the appearance of President Grant and Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who started the giant Corliss steam engine, 1,500 horsepower monster, which was the principal attraction of the Fair, despite the demonstration of Alexander Graham Bell’s new gadget, the telephone.

In his novel, Gore Vidal provides a fairly accurate portrayal of one stratum of American social and political life during this outrageous year. But he is only concerned with the wealthy and influential. He has no skill in understanding or communicating the problems of the lower classes. Besides, he is rather naive as to what history is all about. He wants truth. Gore Vidal! Thus, he has one character say, “We cannot know any history, truly. I suppose somewhere, in Heaven perhaps, there is a Platonic history of the world, a precise true record. But what we think to be history is nothing but fiction.” Obviously, Vidal is a spoiled historian as well as a failed politician (at least he tried) and a successful writer. In his attempts at reconstructing the past for his novels he goes to a great deal of trouble to get it right.

1876: A Novel is not nearly as successful as *Burr: A Novel* probably because Vidal was more passionately involved in the latter work on account of his anti-Jefferson bias. Also he was determined to peddle that old chestnut about Martin Van Buren being the illegitimate son of Aaron Burr. Poor Matty. The things he has suffered even after death.

John Bergamini is even less successful than Vidal in treating the Centennial Year. His is a fragmented history. Nothing holds it together. He presents a series of interesting vignettes, widely ranging in mood, significance, location and activity. These vignettes are often short, some less than two or three pages, and hardly more than extended notes. Sometimes these pieces form a continuum, but more frequently not. The book opens with President Grant celebrating the New Year in the White House and goes on to such things as Bell speaking his first words into the telephone, A. T. Stewart, the multi-

millionaire New York merchant, dying, Jacques Offenbach arriving in America, Brigham Young celebrating a birthday, Wild Bill Hickok being shot dead, the presidential nominating conventions and the election. It ends in New York, on December 31 with James Gordon Bennett getting drunk. It must be added, however, in all fairness, that in these short vignettes, Bergamini packs a great deal of factual information and not a few historical judgments about the United States and its people during its Centennial Year.

In some ways the Weymouth and Glaser book is the most fun of all. It is not something you read in one sitting, or even two. It rather lends itself to repeated perusal to discover hidden nuggets in the cartoons or newspaper commentaries. It is a combination picture book, running narrative and extracts from contemporary writings. The pictures include paintings, lithographs, portraits, cartoons, photographs and posters, and the contemporary writings range from novels, letters and newspaper accounts to diaries, memoirs, reminiscences and other historical documents. But unlike the Bergamini book, which encompasses more than it can justly handle, *America in 1876* examines the Centennial Year from the perspective of only eight subjects. And unlike Vidal's book, which concerns itself with the socially and politically powerful, this illustrated tour of the United States considers the plight of the poor. So labor and wealth are represented; also the stolen election, along with the Centennial Exhibition, what it calls "The Western Empire" but is mostly Custer's Last Stand, Washington, Barnum and Tom Sawyer.

The year 1876 opened with a heartfelt cry for "reform" and ended with

the raucous snarl of "fraud." "The American Republic will in my opinion never celebrate another Centennial," wrote an embittered young freshman at Princeton University. "At least under its present Constitution and laws." That young freshman was Woodrow Wilson. So much for dire predictions about the Republic.

Steinfels (Cont.)

would the New York intellectuals do about that?

AN UNIDENTIFIED GENTLEMAN rose to say that the Jewish cats in the Thirties and Forties hadn't done anything that Mr. Herman Melville hadn't already done by 1850, and that maybe the New York intellectuals weren't as worried about the Indians in Maine today as they were about Israel. (Stirrings and noises.)

Mr. THOMAS LASK rose to order. He pointed out that the Indians in Maine had a Jewish lawyer. (Applause.)

A GENTLEMAN rose to protest that Mr. Kramer's presentation was itself McCarthyist, and that the honorable speaker had made it difficult for an innocent bystander like himself even to wear a red sweater without explanation. (Cries of "Come, come" and "Leave off.")

Mr. KRAMER with all possible respect for the gentleman in the red sweater, replied that ideas with the power to kill were being disseminated through journals—buggery, for example.

SOMEONE observed that the best minds of the New York intellectuals were deceased. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. MICHAEL NOVAK rose to order. He wished to say that he was glad to see so much essential agreement. Mr. Novak declared that the evening had been both coherent and intellectually invigorating.

The debate having reached so highly intelligible and amiable a point, the CHAIRMAN (Mr. Phillips) called the meeting to a close.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 3)

proximately ten million popular votes, Mr. Nixon's election was with 43.4 percent of the popular vote—the lowest percentage for a winning candidate since Woodrow Wilson's election in 1912. What was more important was Governor Wallace's electoral vote total. His 46 electoral votes reduced the available number from 538 to 491 with 270 needed for election. Mr. Nixon received 301 electoral votes to Senator Humphrey's 191; however, if California had gone to Senator Humphrey—and it could have since Mr. Nixon's plurality was 223,346 votes—then neither he nor Mr. Nixon would have had a

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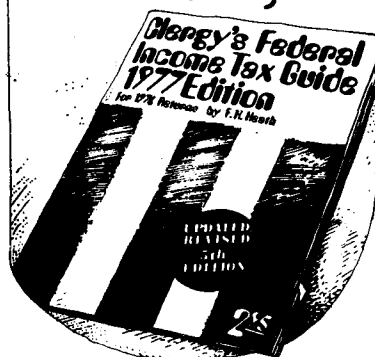
—General Editor, *The Wesleyan Church*, Marion, Indiana

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abingdon



majority of electoral votes.

If that had happened either the House would have decided the election with each state having one vote or Governor Wallace would have entered his so-called "covenant" with either candidate in exchange for certain "understandings."

It was a close election.

JOHN BUTZ

Mr. Butz is right; my memory has played me false. The 1968 election was close, and I guess those reporters I was abusing so confidently were on the right track after all.

THOMAS POWERS

Irish Solution?

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Sean Cronin is by far the best-informed writer on current Irish affairs. His intimate knowledge of the personalities involved in the rival Unionist (Protestant) and Nationalist (Catholic) factions has established him as an authority on Northern Ireland's problems. Yet I think Mr. Cronin, in his vain effort to find a solution, has overlooked the only one which shows signs of viability [Nov. 19].

I may say parenthetically that it seems apparent that Dublin leaders would devoutly wish that the ½ a million Northern Ireland Catholics would disappear from the face of Erin and the London leaders have a similar wish that the Protestant presence would go to Canada or Australia and abandon the area to wild life. Neither one has come up with an appropriate solution.

As these attitudes become clearer, some of the Protestant militants have abandoned their insistence in being called "British," and now are not hostile to being regarded as Irishmen. That is a truly significant advance. It is equally true that many Northern Catholics resent their abandonment deeply. In a recent trip to Belfast, and accompanied by the Reverend William Arlow (prominent Church of Ireland minister), I visited the most militant Orange, Unionist and Protestant leaders. I asked them whether in view of hostility from

Dublin and London they would consider a separate State independent of both capitals. The answer I received was somewhat in the affirmative with some conditions which could easily be met. That position was again confirmed by militant Protestants in a press release issued in Belfast earlier this month. In the meantime the British people have felt about their troops being in Northern Ireland as we felt about our equally ill-conceived Vietnam episode in 1968. A prestigious and reliable poll taken reported 64 percent of the people of Great Britain wanted their troops returned home.

As the Scots are about to elect a majority of their parliamentary representatives committed to an independent Scotland and the Welsh separatist movement is advancing by leaps and bounds, violence on the part of a jittery British army in Northern Ireland increases as the power and influence of the Queen and Parliament is waning closer to home.

Less than a month ago, in Blackpool, Mrs. Joan Maynard, a member of the British Parliament, addressed a meeting of the "Troops Out" movement. She said, "When the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Merlyn Rees, said torture had ended three years ago, I say that was a lie. Violence in Northern Ireland is a direct result of repression there." Tom Litterick, another M.P. from Birmingham, described Northern Ireland as "a broken-down capitalist system at the heart of a former imperialist power."

A week ago, well-known *London Times* columnist John Whale called for a phased withdrawal of the British presence in Northern Ireland. The demand on the British to tell the world when they are leaving is appearing everywhere. Phased withdrawal of its military and its presence is a plan whose time is so long overdue that the labor pains have already made themselves felt.

In the meantime a "Peace Movement," lacking any plan to ameliorate the lot of the Catholic minority nevertheless attracted considerable support. It is now floundering. Its chances of

success died last week when the British with blundering, reminiscent of Balaclava, insisted this was the time to push an army offensive against the people. The result is reported in last week's *New Statesman* by Selwyn Boyle and was condemned as a most mischievous decision.

It took time for the people of Northern Ireland to realize that London and Dublin have shown no capacity to create an acceptable solution. That fact is now established. They are looking inwardly for the answer to their problem. I believe it is well on its way but it will take time to season.

PAUL O'DWYER
President of the Council
The City of New York

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Re: "Death in Ireland" by Sean Cronin, Nov. 19.

The above is an excellent article on Ulster and I hope you have him writing again on the subject. But there are two very important points to be made.

1. He brings up the New Year's Day raid by the IRA in 1957 to point a moral. He should be very familiar with that raid—he probably planned it. I enclose a sheet from Coogan, *The IRA*, and also refer you to Bell, *The Secret Army*. Mr. Cronin, or is it Capt. Cronin, was one of the most important figures in postwar IRA history. This does make a difference. Did you know this? If so, you should have told your readers of his IRA background—and very important post in the IRA, instead of a namby-pamby line about being a journalist. He is that too of course. If you did not know this, I would say, dear Sir, you have been had.

2. He ends with the Troops Out solution. I have heard this often but have never really seen an intelligent scenario for what follows. Even Bernadette

Devlin concedes a bloodbath may follow. Ireland had a civil war 50 years ago and nearly had one in 1912 on this very issue. What are they going to do with 1,000,000 armed Protestants, many of them full of hate and bitterness? Particularly when the Free State does not want them.

The Ulster situation is very complicated and many people are twisting facts. I heard Bernadette Devlin give a brilliant and 90 percent true speech yesterday. However, there was an element of distortion, and Cronin pretending to be objective with his background is a trick on your readers.

I know it is a imposition but could you answer this question for me. Did you know of his background and not inform your readers?

JOAN O'HARA

Sean Cronin comments: Paul O'Dwyer is right when he says the move among Protestants for an independent Northern Ireland is "a truly significant advance." Many Catholics, however, are suspicious of it and one cannot say at this point what future, if any, it has.

Ms. O'Hara seems to think my political background is more important than what I have to say. She may be right. At any rate it is well documented and a matter of public record. I am not a propagandist for any point of view. I have written a half dozen books on Irish history and politics and that fact is not mentioned either. What I have to say must stand or fall on its own weight without the label of the IRA attached. I believe a British withdrawal from Ireland is essential and I do not believe a bloodbath will follow, provided certain Irish initiatives are taken first.

Editor's Note: Mr. Cronin, New York correspondent for the *Irish Times*, has written articles and reviews for these pages for almost a decade. His work has always met high standards of professional objectivity. We knew of his IRA background, which came to an end 15 years ago, and saw absolutely no reason to cite it in connection. (Continued on page 31)

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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CAMPUS MINISTER: Position opening in August 1977 for a priest to serve as associate chaplain in the Catholic chaplaincy at Princeton University. Job description available. Contact John Piderit, Chairman, The Search Committee, The Aquinas Institute, Princeton, New Jersey 08540. Send vita.

Right To Life

Organize and plan to march in "The Great Right to Life March" Saturday, January 22, 1977, Washington, D.C., National Right to Life Committee, National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20045.

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tion with an article that was, in Ms. O'Hara's own words, "an excellent article on Ulster."

Nothing Sacred

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Re: News and Views, "Holding the Line" [Dec. 3]: Ye gods! Is nothing sacred?

"John Brennan, a Boston man associated with a research institute specializing in oral hygiene. . . ." Apparently, Mr. Brennan pursues the causes of bad breath. In a "taste context" why not bring in a wine expert to recommend a hearty red for martyr masses, white for holy days and a delicate rosé for ordinary occasions? And in an economic and social "context" why not union bakers for the wafers bearing the union insignia, of course.

Does the word "sacred" connote anything to Messrs. Brennan and Deedy and their ilk? Judging from the statements of Mr. Brennan, methinks his oral hygiene career had its proper fulfillment in Detroit.

MANETTA J. CALKINS

Carter Catholics

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Jim Castelli's "How Catholics Voted" [Dec. 3] forgets an important footnote in that the National Coalition of American Nuns in a press release dated September 17 endorsed the Carter-Mondale ticket. This action was taken only after a mailed ballot vote by the 24-member board in which there was unanimous approval. The action was called "utterly unprecedented" by Monsignor John Tracy Ellis. Subsequent letters from members of the Carter staff and from President-elect Carter himself expressed gratitude and some close to the action in Plains told us that this was the only "Catholic" endorsement received and that it came at a time in the campaign when the encouragement was badly needed.

SISTER JUDITH SCHLOEGEL, CSJ
 President of the National
 Coalition of American Nuns

'76 and '77

In the year coming to a close *Commonweal* has published a number of timely yet memorable articles. For example:

Catholics and Temperance by Joseph H. Fichter

Jobs for All by Michael Harrington

The Nuclear Power Issue by William J. Lanouette

The Vatican on Sex by Daniel C. Maguire

The Cross in a Secular World by John J. O'Donnell

Looking ahead to 1977, *Commonweal* plans to bring out another abundance of good reading which will feature articles of a similar pertinence and quality. Here, for instance, are a few:

The Vatican's Ostpolitik by Tom Henegan

The Machining of America by Robert L. King

The Case for Catholic Higher Education by Richard McBrien

Fear of the Soviets for Profit by Douglas Mattern

The Devil, Demons and Dogmatism by Ronald Modras

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